THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

APRIL 2, 1904
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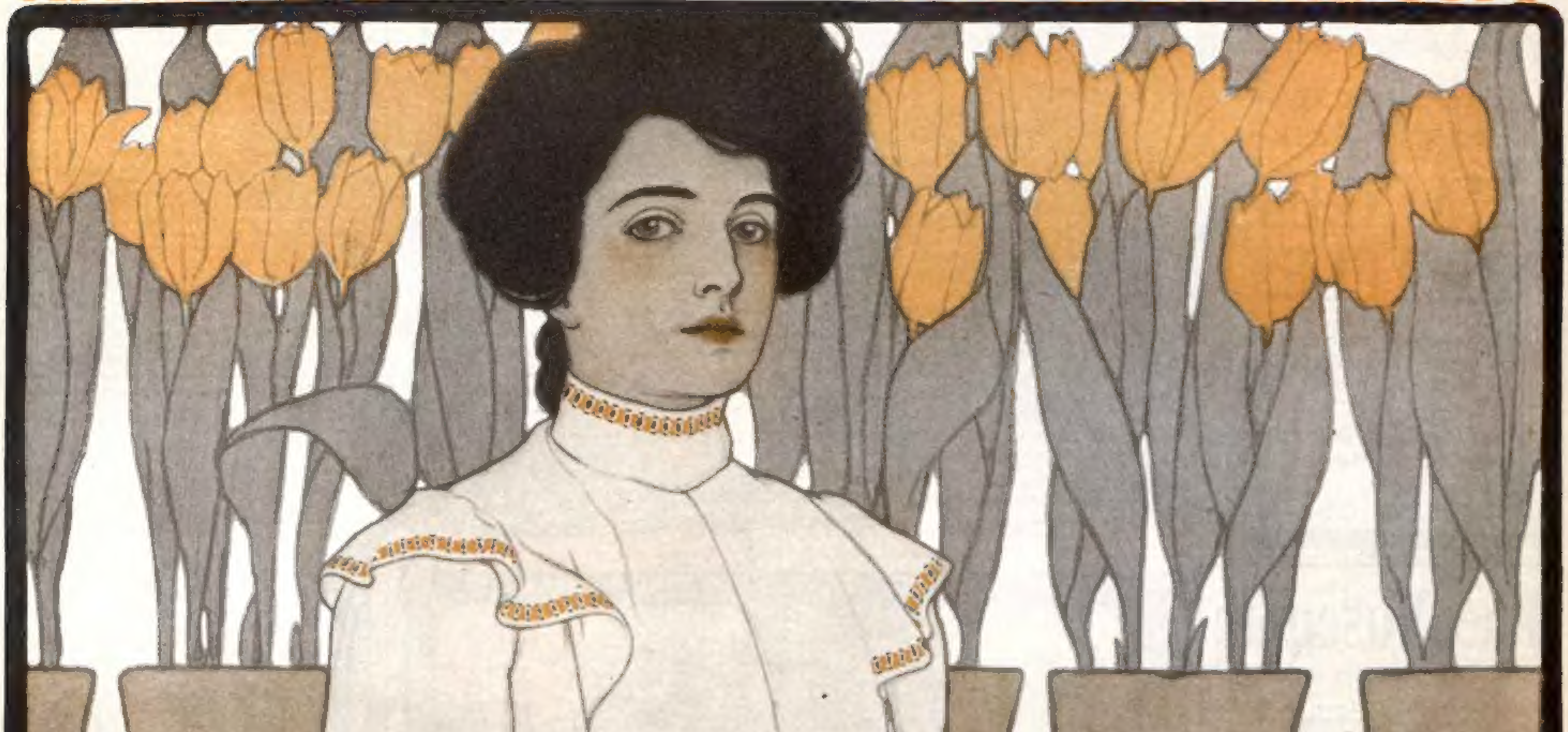

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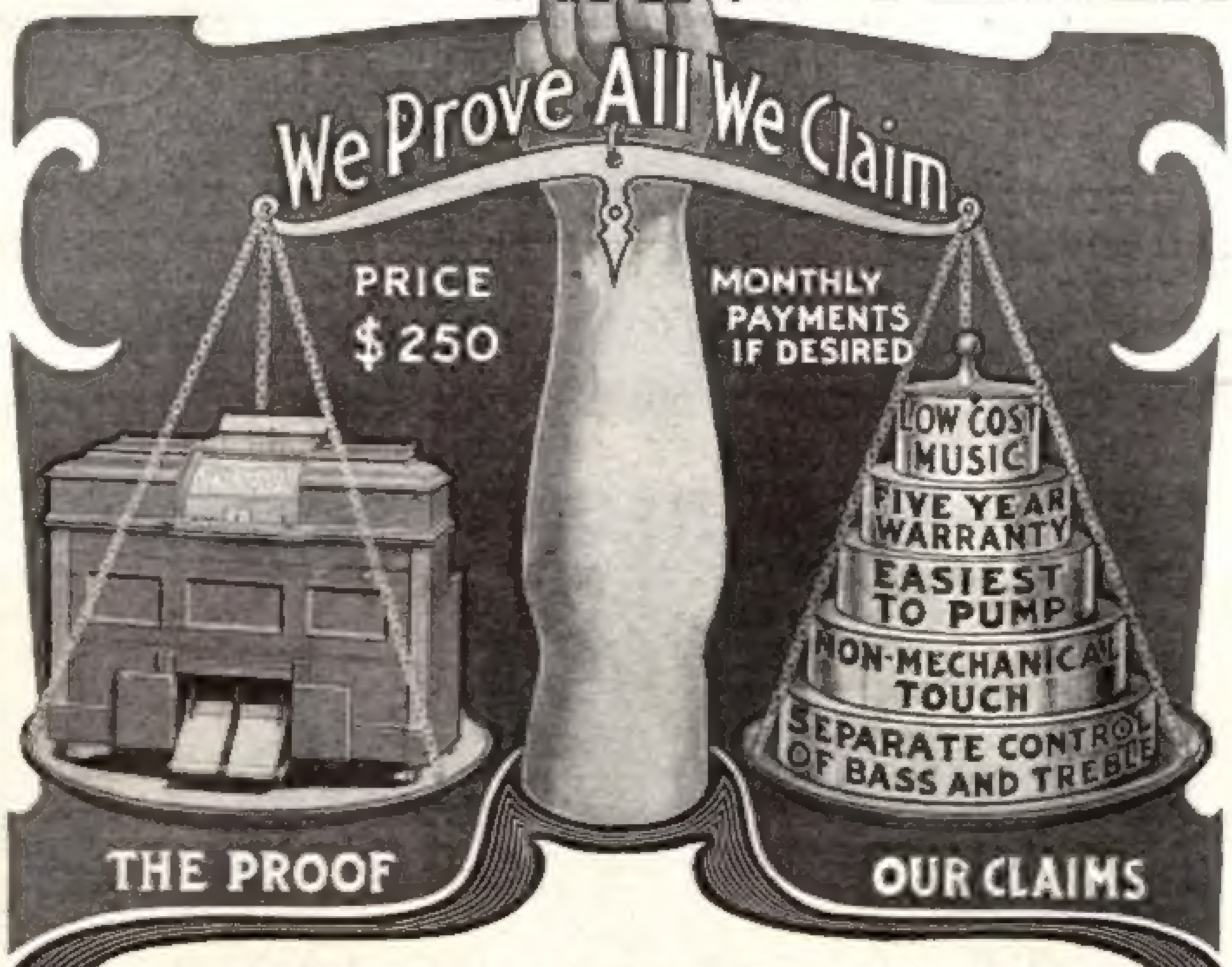

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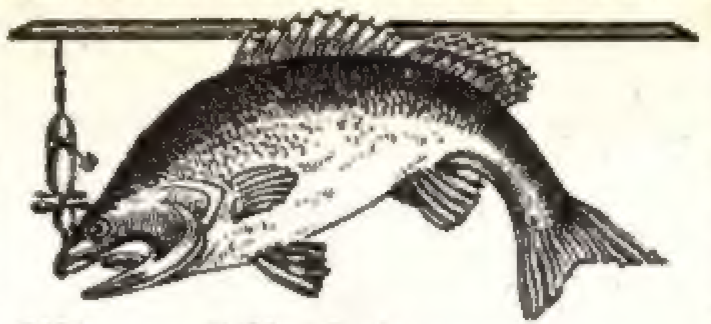

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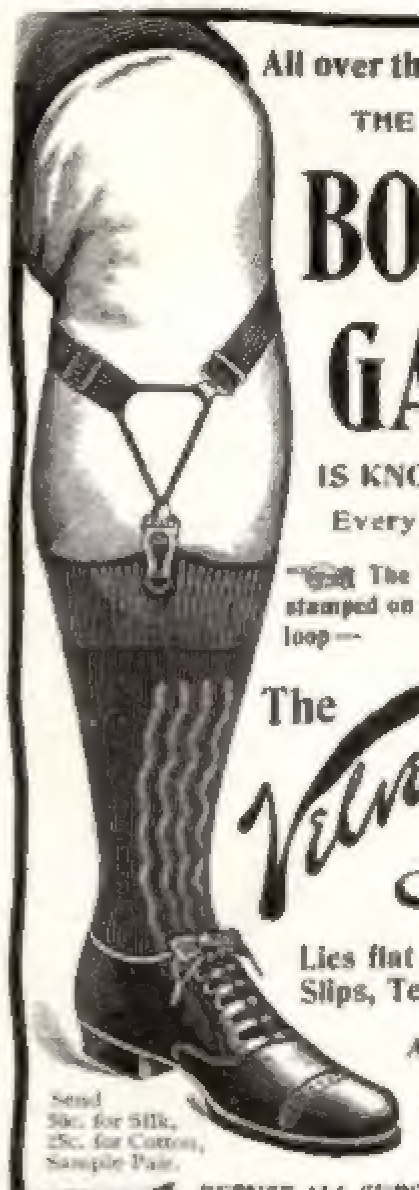

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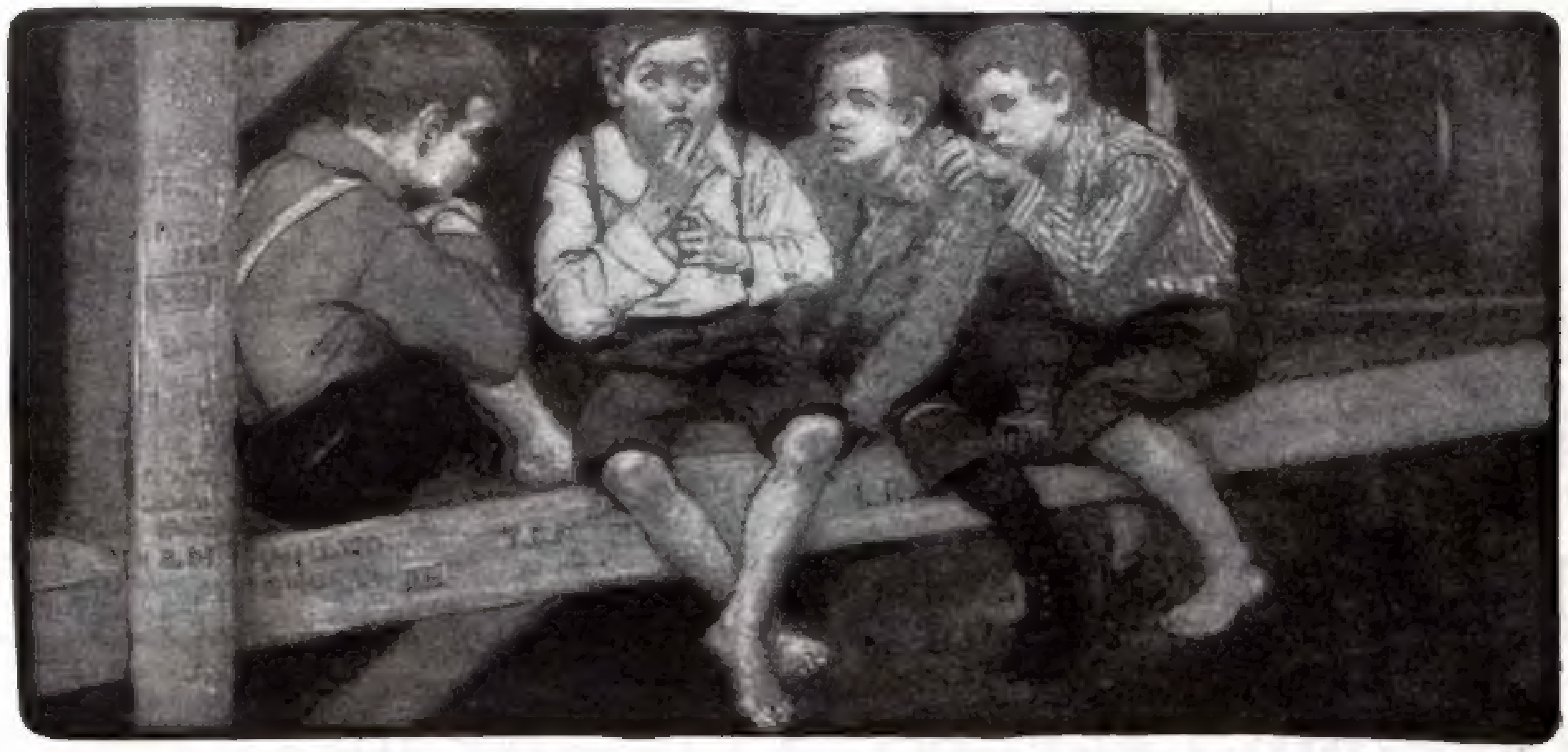
Sequil, or Thing's Whitch Aint Finished in the First



By Henry A. Shute

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

Copyright, 1904, by Henry A. Shute

SEPT. 7, 186— Gosh! what do you think, last nite father and mother and me and Keene and Cele and aunt Sarah was sitting at supper when father, he sed i am a going to read your diry tonite. Gosh i was scart for i hadent wrote ennything in it for most a week. so after supper i went over to mister Watsons and asked him if he dident want to see father and he sed he wood and i went home and told father mister Watson wanted him to come over jest as quick as he cood and father went over. i knew father woodent ever think of it agen. father and mister Watson Beanys father set and talked about what they usted to do and father sed do you remember Wats that time that you and Bill Yung and Brad Purinton and Jack Fog went down to, and then he saw me and Beany lissening and he sed, you boys run away and he giv me 5 cents and me and Beany went over to old Si Smiths for some goozberies but i have got to wright that old diry some more whitch is pretty tuf, i have forgot whether it was brite and fair sence i wrote my last diry or not, but ennyway it is brite and fair today. Lots of things have hapened sense i wrote my last diry. Beanys father is a poliseman now and Beany feels prety big. Beany hadent better say mutch to me ennyway. the stewdcats have come back and they has been lots of fites. Scotty Briggam licked 2 stewdcats in one day. one day me and Pewt and Beany was standing in frunt of the libary and 2 stewdcats went in and Pewt threw a peace of dry mud and it hit the stewdcat rite in the neck and bust and went down his coller and he see us laffin and he walked rite out to where we was standing and he sed sorter sisy like whitch of you boys throwd that, and Pewt sed jes like him, if you are so smart you had better find out, and he grabed Pewt and throwd him rite in the guter and roled him round in the mud and hit him 3 good bats in the ear. me and Beany run and Pewt he was mad becaus we dident pich in and help him, but lots of times me and Beany has got licked and Pewt never helped us. I told Father about it and he sed he was glad of it and he wished the stewdcats had licked me and Beany two.

SEPT. 8, 186— brite and fair. the band played tonite downtown. we all went down but mother and aunt Sarah and the baby and Franky and Georgie and Annie who was all two little except mother and aunt Sarah who had to stop and take care of them. the band played splendid and Fatty Walker jest pounded the base drum as hard as he cood. most of the fellers run round and played tag and hollered but i set still. i cant see how fellers can run round and holler when a band plays. they tried to pull me out of my seet but i giv Beany a good punch. when we came home mother asked if i had behaived and father sed i set there jest like a old potato. he sed i dident know much ennytime but when i herd music i dident know ennything.

SEPT. 9, 186— Will Simpkins is coming to visit us. he is my cuzon and is older then i am and every time he comes he licks me. i dont dass to tell becaus he is company. so this time i am going to get Gim Erly or Tady Finton to lick him. he is coming next Saterday. he lives in a city and wears a neckti every day and feels prety big and says i am a countryman.

I see Gim Erly today and he says he will lick time out of Will for a nife and a slingshot. i had lost my nife so i told Beany and he sed he wood give Gim his nife if we wood let him see the fite. Will licked Beany last summer and Beany aint forgot it. then i dident have enny slingshot and so i told Fatty and Fatty he sed he wood give Gim his slingshot if he cood see the fite. it seemed kinder mean not to tell Pewt, so i told Pewt and he sed he wood give me his fathers pigs bladder when it was killed if i wood let him see the fite, that makes 2 bladders i am going to have this fall. Oliver Lane is going to give me his, they will make bully footballs. i gess i can get Potter to give me a leest flycatches egg if i will let him see the fite.

SEPT. 10, 186— Brite and fair. Will Simpkins is coming to-morrow. I bet he will wish he hadent after Gim Erly gives him that licking. Potter gave me a red wing blackbirds egg and a chippys egg and 2 blewjays wings to see the fite.

SEPT. 11, 186— Brite and fair. it was the best fite i have seen since Cris Staples licked Charlie Clark you had aught to have seen it. Will came this morning he was all dressed up and had his shoes blacked. i knew that wood make Gim want to lick him. I felt kinder mean when he came becaus he seamed glad to see me, and mother sed i hope you boys will have a real nice time together, and i sed i gess we will. so after dinner i asked him to go over to Beanys and we went over and Gim was there and Potter and Pewt and Fatty and Billy Swett came with Fatty and he wispered he wood giv me a whailbone bow. Gim sed to me easy have you got them things and i sed yes and Gim sed no fooling and i sed hope to die and i crosed my throte and i sed you have got to lick him first and he sed he wood lick him. so we went over in the high school yard to play prisoners bass. well prety soon Gim sed Will cheeted, and Will said he dident, and Gim sed do you mean to call me a lier and Will sed he dident cheet and Gim sed he wood give him a paist on the nose, and Will sed he want man enuf and Gim scrached a line in the dirt and told Will not to dass to step over it and then Will put a chip on his sholeder and told Gim not to dass to nock it off, and Will said if he hit Gim he wood nock him so far he woodent come down at all, and Gim said if he hit him there woodent be ennything left of him but a red neckti, and Will told Gim he was a freckled faced mick and Gim told Will he was a curly haired nigger, and jest then Fatty give Will a push rite into Gim and they went at it and Gim licked time out of Will and got him down and lammed him until he hollered enuf. then Will he went home balling and i had to go two and when we got home mother sed it was a shame and she wood tell father when he got home. when father got home mother told him and sed it was a shame that Willy, she calls him Willy, i am glad my name aint Willy, i had rather be called Skinny or Polelegs or Plupy then Willy, well she sed it was a shame that Willy coodent play with me without having that dredful Erly boy fiting him and she wanted father to go up to Mr. Tucks where Gim lives and tell him about it. Well father said boys always fit and she mustent wurry about it he gessed Willy wood get over it. but he told me not to ask Gim Erly down here agen. so after supper when i had to go for the yeest i ran up to Gims and give him the nife and the slingshot and told him not to tell.

SEPT. 12, 186— Brite and fair. Will has got a black eye and a scrached nose Nellie has got well and we had a ride today after church and i let Will drive. in the afternoon Beany and Pewt came over and we had a shooting mach with the whailbone bow behind the barn. I told Beany and Pewt not to tell for if they did father woodent let us go together again. Fatty and Potter and Billy Swett wont tell ether.

SEPT. 13, 186— Brite and fair. today we had a good time. mother let me invite Beany and Pewt and Nipper Brown to supper for company for Will. Pewt coodent come becaus he shot one of his fathers hens with his arrow rifle jest like i shot my hen whitch was eating eggs and Mister Purinton Pewts father woodent let him come. i gess if father had been at home for supper i wood have got a licking but he dident get home til the 7 o'clock train. well we had been raising time up in my room and when we went down to supper i pulled a chair out when Nipper went to set down and he set rite down on the floor bang and grabed the table cloth and pulled of his plate and cup and sauser and Beanys sauser and they came rite down on his head and broak to smash. Nipper was scart but mother picked him up and said he needent wurry for she dident care for the dishes and asked him if he was hurt and said it was my falt and she told me i had aught to be ashamed and i hadent aught to have company if i dident know how to treet them. she dident send me to bed becaus she had to be polite to Beany and Nipper and so i was all rite. after supper we played domminoes til the nine oclock bell rang and then Beany and Nipper went home.

SEPT. 14, 186— Brite and fair. Will went home today. I was sorry he went, we had a good time and i never knew him to be such a good feller before. i gess it did him good to get a licking. father says it always does me good to get a good lickin. before he went he got me to throw a ball easy at him and he let it hit him in the eye so he cood tell his folks that a ball hit him in the eye, so he wood not have to tell a lie to his father about his black eye. a feller feels a good deal better when he doesent have to lie to his folks. when i usted to hook in swiming i usted to stick my head in the rane water barril so i cood tell father how i wet my hair. i dident like to do it sometimes becaus the barril was full of little wigglers but i had ruther do that then have to tell a lie, ennyway i gess all the wigglers that got into my hair died becaus they never bit me. father says they turn into musketers.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

⁂

Presidents that Push

By FORREST CRISSEY

George B. Harris

WHOLESOME, hearty good-nature fairly exudes from George B. Harris, President of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. The geniality of his disposition is suggested by his rolling, sailor-like walk—a gait so pronounced and distinctive as to make him a marked man in a crowd and sure to attract the eyes of strangers who are ignorant of his identity. There is an atmosphere of plainness about the man which makes the brakeman or the section-hand at ease in his presence. Probably few railroad presidents have been more frequently described by the remark "There is no nonsense about *him*."

Much of a railroad president's time, and perhaps his most important labors, go to the struggles for advantage which centre in the modern "railroad meetings" where the game for "position" is played. Upon the agreements made in these meetings often depends the loss or gain of heavy advantages, the value of which runs into sensational figures. Here, too, those broad lines of policy are determined which make railroad history. In a word, the meetings of the presidents are the sessions of the railroad congress, where the internal legislation of the greatest of American interests is framed. Inevitably this keen struggle stirs the blood of the contestants, and often forces are so evenly divided that a drawn battle results. It is in situations of this kind that the conciliatory disposition of President Harris has won for him the reputation of peacemaker. With a well-turned joke or a whimsical comment there is an instant's relaxation of the strain; the hard lines of the contest relax, and he follows up the advantage with a word of homely common-sense which clears the air and reveals the situation from a new angle. But his conciliatory bent does not imply lack of backbone or a willingness to sacrifice principle for the sake of peace. It is said that some men have made the mistake of drawing such an inference—only to find that they were "up against a rock." However, if there is a sound and tenable "common ground", he is certain to see it and so to define it to others that they are able to accept his view of the situation.

The good nature of Mr. Harris is not of the "salvy" sort, for he is bluff and hearty almost to bluntness. His directness of thought and speech is dispositional, but has been emphasized by experience in the humbler ranks of railroad service. When an office boy in the employ of the old "Hannibal and St. Joe" he learned the value that the "owner of the smallest envelope carried in the pay-car" puts upon simple and considerate treatment from an official—and his change of place on the pay-roll has not caused him to revise his early estimate.

The first position Mr. Harris held above that of office boy was clerk to the treasurer and paymaster. Next he became cashier of the land department of the Burlington and Missouri River road; then secretary of the South Platte Land Company. In 1878 he was appointed purchasing agent of the "Missouri River" road, from which he was promoted to superintendent and general agent of the Atchison and Nebraska line. His next position was an advance along traffic lines as assistant general freight agent of the "Missouri River" road. In 1883 he came to the Burlington and Quincy line as purchasing agent. Then came his departure into the operating department as assistant to the general manager of the Santa Fé. The next turn in his career made him vice-president and general manager of the Chicago, Burlington and Northern Road in 1885. Four years later he was made president of that line. His administrative abilities there won him the second vice-presidency of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, of which he became president February 20, 1901.

That the Burlington system is one of the most progressive of the big Western organizations is indicated by the fact that since 1889 it has increased the extent of its lines by 1208 miles, having now 8627 miles under active operation. In this period it has spent for reduction of grades, elimination of curves and other permanent "relocation" work $670,581 in Illinois, $211,990 in Nebraska and $7,095,037 in Iowa. The improvements now in progress in Iowa will demand an outlay of about $2,250,000. Similar work on the "Missouri lines" has cost $511,030 and will require $200,000 more for completion. This is independent of the expense of $325,000 for double-tracking the line between St. Joseph and Amazonia, Missouri. The increase over 1899 of revenue freight hauled is more than thirty-one per cent. The Burlington owns 1270 engines, 1046 passenger cars and 47,414 freight cars—or an increase in equipment of nearly thirteen per cent. over 1899.

No characteristic of Mr. Harris is more significant than his ability to pick men—unless it be the confidence which he places in those that have been thoroughly tried out in the service. He delegates large responsibilities to those who have his full confidence and he gives them authority in proportion to their responsibilities. No subordinate executive in Mr. Harris' organization, it is said, is known to complain that he does not have the "swing" necessary to put his own ideas into execution. On the other hand, no man can remain a part of that organization who sacrifices the confidence of its president.

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

How Brer Tarrypin Learned to Fly—By Joel Chandler Harris

Brer Tarrypin tired er prom'nadin' roun',
An' he lay in de sun right flat on de groun';
His foots wuz col', an' his eyes wuz red,
An' it look like sump'n done bunged up his head;
But he watch Brer Buzzard a-sailin' in de sky,
An' he wisht fum his heart dat he could fly—
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!

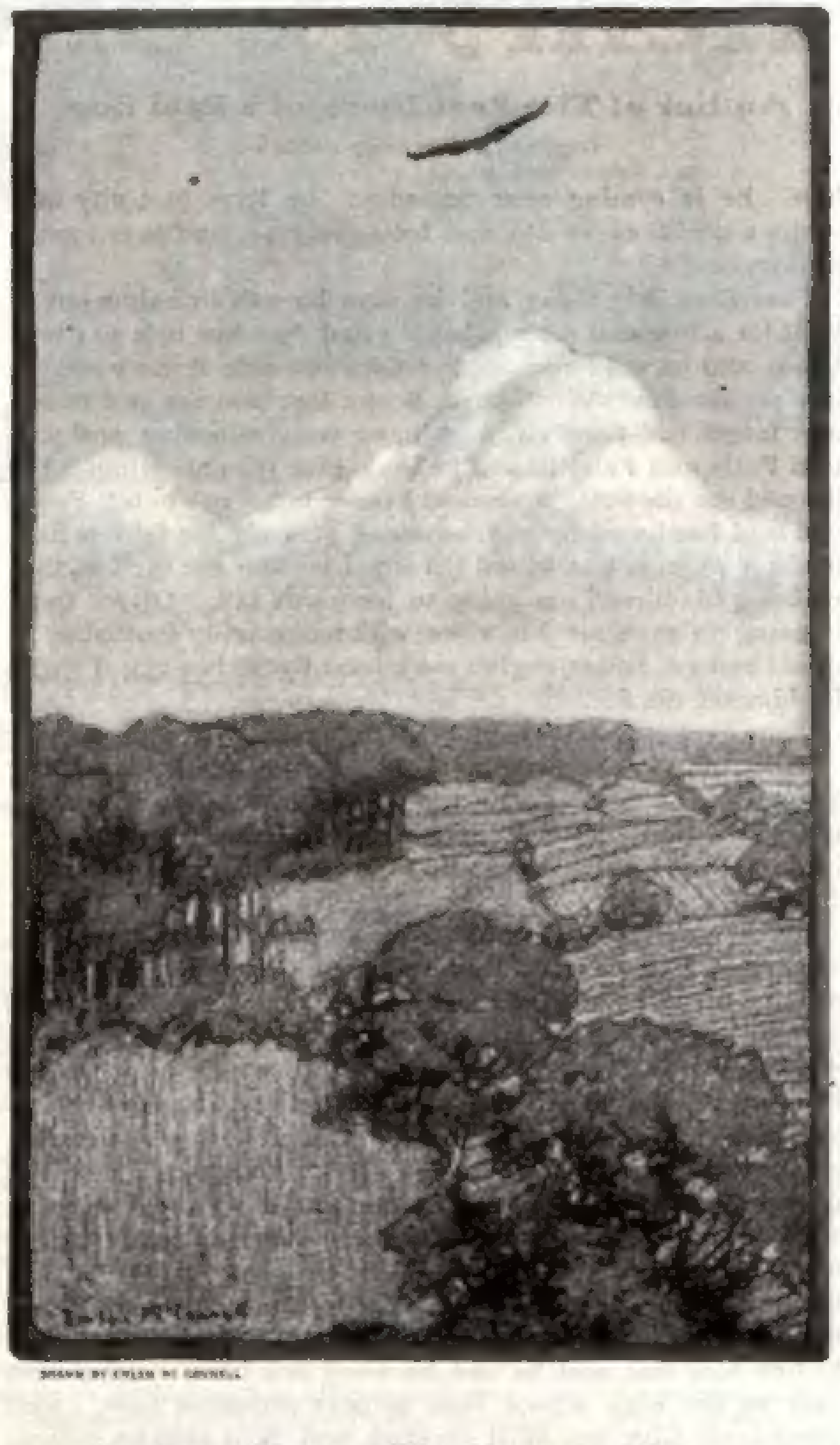
He frown an' he grunt, he grunt an' he groan,
He sniffle an' snuffle, he wheeze an' he moan;
He drapt a big tear in de acorn-cup,
An' de bug dat run out, he gobble 'im up;
Brer Buzzard flew'd, an' he flew'd mighty high,
He flop his wings an' he wink his eye—
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!

He see Brer Tarrypin layin' flat,
An' he chuckle ter hisse'f, "Oh-ho! look at dat!
It's a mighty funny place fer ter make a bed,
An' he may be sick, an' he may be dead!"
So he drap down slow, an' he drap down sly,
But Tarrypin watchin' wid his red eye—
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!

Buzzard he lit a little up de slope,
An' hit de gait call de buzzard-lope,
An' den Brer Tarrypin tuck in his head
An' lay des like he done gone ter bed.
Brer Buzzard he holler, "Hey! hi-hi!"
An' Tarrypin 'spon', "Ah yi! ah-yi!"
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!

"You keep yo'se'f shot up in yo' shell,"
Brer Buzzard 'low, "but I hope you er well?"
Brer Tarrypin say he feelin' ez smart
Ez what a man kin wid a swelled-up heart,
An' a liver all blue, an' a blood-red eye;
An' he moaned an' groaned, an' he cried, "Oh, my!"
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!

"Better git de doctor!" Brer Buzzard say;
"He'll kyo you, sho, ef dey's any way."
"I done been saw 'im," Brer Tarrypin 'low,
"An he up an' tol' me dat my onliest *bow*
Is ter fin' somebody dat'll tote me high
An' turn me loose so I'll l'arn how ter fly"—
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!



DRAWN BY [illegible]

Brer Buzzard he say, "Why, bless you, chile!
You kin count on me!" an' he smole a smile.
"When it comes ter heft you er right smart chunk,
But I speck I kin tote you"—an' den he wuuk.

"I'll tote you low, an' I'll tote you high;
I'll tote you past, an' I'll tote you by"—
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!

He ruffle his fedders, an' he flop his wings,
Wid "Dis is de trouble dat frien'ship brings;
But I'll take it all an' ax fer mo'
Ef so be I kin git you ter go."
Brer Tarrypin study, an' look at de sky,
Kaze his heart wuz sot on l'arnin' ter fly—
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!

Down on his hunkers Buzzard squot,
An' on his back Brer Tarrypin got;
'Twuz slip an' fall, but he got on,
An' de nex' news you know dey bofe wuz gone!
A-sailin' low, an' a-sailin' high,
A-sailin' fur, an' a-sailin' nigh—
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!

"Now, how shill I l'arn?" Brer Tarrypin say.
Brer Buzzard 'spon', "I'll show you de way.
I'm a-flyin' high, but I'll start down,
Den you turn loose an' sail all roun'."
Brer Tarrypin say—an' he shot his eye—
"Ef we go much higher we'll 'sturb de sky!"
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!

Tarrypin turn loose an' down he come,
Wid a *blip* an' a *blap* an' a *blim-blam-blum!*
He come wid a squeal, he come wid a squall—
Dey ain't nobody yever had sech a fall!
An' a mighty good reason! he wuz up so high
Dat when he hit de groun' he wuz dead, mighty nigh—
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!

Buzzard he foller fer ter see it done well,
Wid "La, ol' frien'! it seem like you fell!
An' all you had ter do wuz ter flop yo' wings!"
Tarrypin groan; he say, "By jings!
I know one thing, an' dat ain't two—
I know one thing wid my fil-a-mo-loo!
I know one thing, an' I know it right—
I know how ter fly, but I dunner how ter light!
Sump'n n'er tol' me ez I sail in de sky,
'L'arn how ter light 'fo' you l'arn how ter fly!'"
Fil-a-ma-looner-leener! fil-a-ma-leener-li!

Good Humor Obtains the Marble Soap Advertisement

By Jerome K. Jerome

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PEOPLE said of the new journal, Good Humor—people of taste and judgment—that it was the brightest, the cleverest, the most literary penny weekly that ever had been offered to the public. This made Peter Hope, editor and part proprietor, very happy. William Clodd, business manager and also part proprietor, it left less elated.

"Must be careful," said William Clodd, "that we don't make it too clever. Happy medium, that's the ideal."

People said—people of taste and judgment—that it was more worthy of support than all the other penny weeklies put together. People of taste and judgment even went so far, some of them, as to buy it. Peter Hope, looking forward, saw fame and fortune coming to him. William Clodd, looking round about him, said:

"Doesn't it occur to you, Guv'nor, that we're getting this thing just a trifle too high class?"

"What makes you think that?" demanded Hope.

"Our circulation, for one thing," explained Clodd. "The returns for last month——"

"I'd rather you didn't mention them, if you don't mind," interrupted Peter Hope; "somehow, hearing the actual figures always depresses me."

"Can't say I feel inspired by them myself," admitted Clodd.

"It will come," said Peter Hope, "it will come. We must educate the public up to our level."

"If there is one thing, so far as I have noticed," said William Clodd, "that the public are inclined to pay less for than another, it is for being educated."

"What are we to do?" asked Peter Hope.

"What you want," answered William Clodd, "is an office boy."

"How will our having an office boy increase our circulation?" demanded Peter Hope. "Besides, it was agreed that we could do without one for the first year. Why suggest more expense?"

"I don't mean an ordinary office boy," explained Clodd. "I mean the sort of boy that I rode with in the train going down to Stratford yesterday."

"What was there remarkable about him?"

"Nothing. He was reading the current number of the Penny Novelist. Over two hundred thousand people buy it. He is one of them. He told me so. When he had done with it he drew from his pocket a copy of the Halfpenny Joker—they guarantee a circulation of seventy thousand. He sat and chuckled over it until we got to Bow."

"But——"

"You wait a minute. I'm coming to the explanation. That boy represents the reading public. I talked to him. The papers he likes the best are the papers that have the largest sales. He never made a single mistake. The others, those of them he had seen, he dismissed as 'rot.' What he likes is what the great mass of the journal-buying public likes. Please him—I took his name and address, and he is willing to come to us for eight shillings a week—and you please the people that buy. Not the people that glance through a paper when it happens to be lying on the smoking-room table, and tell you it's good, but the people that plank down their penny. That's the sort we want."

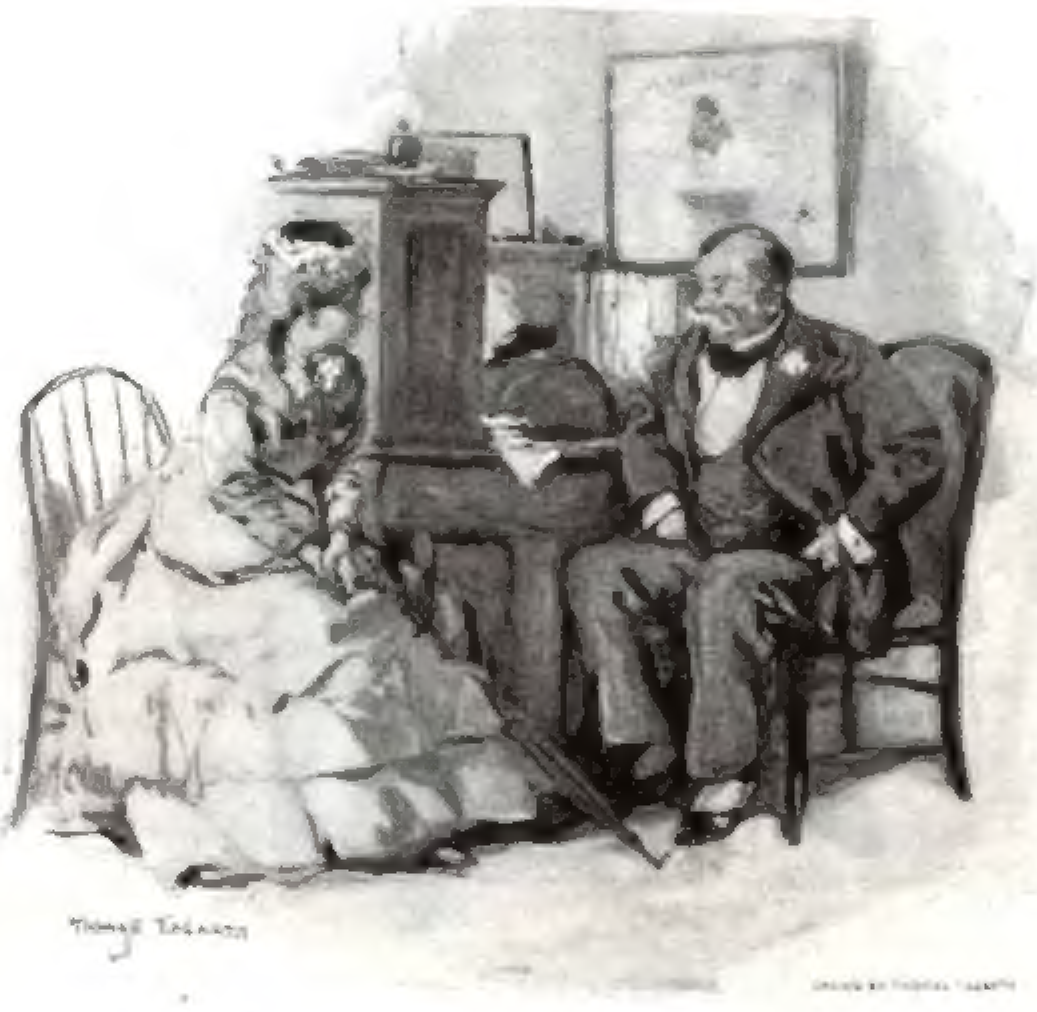
Clodd was a man who knew how to get his way. Flipp—spelled Philip—Tweetel arrived in due course of time at 23 Crane Court, ostensibly to take up the position of Good Humor's office boy, in reality, and without his being aware of it, to act as its literary taster. Stories in which Flipp became absorbed were accepted. Peter groaned, but contented himself with correcting only their grosser grammatical blunders; the experiment should be tried in all good faith. Humor at which Flipp laughed was printed. Peter tried to ease his conscience by increasing his subscription to the fund for destitute compositors, but only partially succeeded. Poetry that brought a tear to the eye of Flipp was given leaded type. People of taste and judgment said Good Humor had disappointed them. Its circulation steadily increased.

"See!" cried the delighted Clodd. "Told you so."

"It's sad to think——" began Peter.

"Always is," interrupted Clodd cheerfully. "Moral—Don't think too much."

"Tell you what we'll do," added Clodd. "We'll make a fortune out of this paper. Then when we can afford to lose a little money we'll launch a paper that shall appeal only to the intellectual portion of the public. Meanwhile——"



"IF THE LADIES ARE GOING TO ATTACK US—REALLY, IT ISN'T FAIR"

A squat black bottle with a label attached, standing on the desk, arrested Clodd's attention.

"When did this come?" asked Clodd.

"About an hour ago," Peter told him.

"Any order with it?"

"I think so." Peter searched for and found a letter addressed to "William Clodd, Esquire, Advertising Manager, Good Humor." Clodd tore it open and hastily devoured it.

"Not closed up yet, are you?"

"No, not till eight o'clock."

"Good! I want you to write me a part. Do it now, then you won't forget it. Under the Walnuts and Wine column."

Peter sat down, headed a sheet of paper, "For W. and W. Col."

"What is it?" questioned Peter; "something to drink?"

"It's a sort of port," explained Clodd, "that doesn't get into your head."

"You consider that an advantage?" queried Peter.

"Of course. You can drink more of it."

Peter continued to write: 'Possesses all the qualities of an old vintage port, without those deleterious properties——' "I haven't tasted it, Clodd," hinted Peter.

"That's all right; I have."

"And was it good?"

"Splendid stuff. Say it's 'delicious and invigorating.' They'll be sure to quote that."

Peter wrote on: 'Personally I have found it delicious and——' Peter left off writing. "I really think, Clodd, I ought to taste it. You see, I am personally recommending it."

"Finish that par. Let me have it to take round to the printer's. Then put the bottle in your pocket. Take it home and make a night of it."

Clodd appeared to be in a mighty hurry. Now this made Peter only the more suspicious. The bottle was close to his hand. Clodd tried to intercept him, but was not quick enough.

"You're not used to temperance drinks," urged Clodd. "Your palate is not accustomed to them."

"I can tell whether it's 'delicious' or not, surely," pleaded Peter, who had pulled out the cork.

"It's a quarter-page advertisement for thirteen weeks. Put it down and don't be a fool," urged Clodd.

"I'm going to put it down," laughed Peter, who was fond of his joke. Peter poured out half a tumbler full and drank—some of it.

"Like it?" demanded Clodd with a savage grin.

"You are sure—you are sure it was the right bottle?" gasped Peter.

"Bottle's all right," Clodd assured him. "Try some more. Judge it fairly."

Peter ventured on another sip. "You don't think they would be satisfied if I recommended it as a medicine?" insinuated Peter, "something to have about the house in case of accidental poisoning?"

"Better go round and suggest the idea to them yourself. I've done with it." Clodd took up his hat.

"I'm sorry—I'm very sorry," sighed Peter. "But I couldn't conscientiously——"

Clodd put down his hat again with a bang. "Oh! confound that conscience of yours. Doesn't it ever think of your creditors? What's the use of my working out my lungs for you, when all you do is to hamper me at every step?"

"Wouldn't it be better policy," urged Peter, "to go for the better class of advertiser—who doesn't ask you for this sort of thing?"

"Go for him," snorted Clodd. "Do you think I don't go for him? They are just sheep. Get one, you get the lot. Until you've got the one, the others won't listen to you. Jowett is the one to get hold of," mused Clodd. "Jowett all the others follow like a flock of geese waddling after the old gander. If only we could get hold of Jowett the rest would be easy."

Jowett was the proprietor of the famous Marble Soap. Jowett spent on advertising every year a quarter of a million, it was said. Jowett was the stay and prop of periodical literature.

"I have heard," said Miss Bagshot, who wrote the Letter to Clorinda that filled each week the last two pages of Good Humor, and that told Clorinda, who lived secluded in the country, the daily history of the highest class society—among whom Miss Bagshot appeared to live and have her being—who they were, and what they wore, the clever things they said, the wise and otherwise things they did—"I have heard," said Miss Bagshot, "that the old man is susceptible to female influence."

"What I have always thought," said Clodd. "A lady advertising agent might do well. At all events, they couldn't kick her out."

"They might in the end," thought Peter. "Female door porters would become a profession for muscular ladies, if ever the idea took root."

"The first one would get a good start, anyhow," thought Clodd.

The sub-editor had pricked up her ears. Once upon a time, long ago, the sub-editor had succeeded when all other London journalists had failed in securing an interview with a certain great statesman. The sub-editor had never forgotten this—nor allowed any one else to forget it.

"I believe I could get it for you," said the sub-editor.

The editor and the business manager both spoke together. They spoke with decision and with emphasis.

"Why not?" said the sub-editor. "When nobody else could get at him it was I who interviewed Prince——"

"We've heard all about that," interrupted the business manager. "If I had been your father at the time you would never have done it."

"You said yourself a lady advertising agent would be a good idea," the sub-editor reminded him.

"So she might be," returned Clodd. "But she isn't going to be you."

"Why not?"

"Because she isn't, that's why."

"But if——"

"See you at the printer's at twelve," said Clodd to Peter, and went out suddenly.

"Well, I think he's an idiot," said the sub-editor.

"I do not often," said the editor, "but on this point I agree with him. Cadging for advertisements isn't a woman's work."

"But what is the difference between——"

"All the difference in the world," thought the editor.

"You don't know what I was going to say," returned his "sub."

"I know the drift of it," asserted the editor.

"But you let me——"

"I know I do—a good deal too much. I'm going to turn over a new leaf."

"All I propose to do——"

"Whatever it is you're not going to do it," declared the chief. "Shall be back at half-past twelve, if anybody comes."

"It seems to me ——" But Peter was gone.

"Just like them all," wailed the sub-editor. "They can't argue; when you explain things to them, they go out. It does make me so mad!"

The door opened. "Anybody in?" asked the face of Johnny Bulstrode, appearing in the jar.

"Can't you see they are," snapped Tommy.

"Figure of speech," explained Johnny Bulstrode, commonly called "The Babe," entering and closing the door behind him.

"What do you want?" demanded the sub-editor.

"Nothing in particular," replied the Babe.

"Wrong time of the day to come for it, half-past eleven in the morning," explained the sub-editor.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the Babe.

"Feeling very cross," confessed the sub-editor.

The childlike face of the Babe expressed sympathetic inquiry.

"We are very indignant," explained Miss Bagshot, "because we are not allowed to rush off to Cannon Street and coax an advertisement out of old Jowett, the soap man. We feel sure that if we only put on our best hat he couldn't possibly refuse us."

"Won't he see Clodd?" asked the Babe.

"Won't see anybody on behalf of anything new just at present, apparently," answered Miss Bagshot. "It was my fault. I was foolish enough to repeat that I had heard he was susceptible to female charms. They say it was Mrs. Sarkitt that got the advertisement for The Lamp out of him. But, of course, it may not be true."

"Wish I was a soap man and had got advertisements to give away," sighed the Babe.

"Wish you were," agreed the sub-editor.

"You should have them all, Tommy."

"My name," corrected him the sub-editor, "is Miss Hope."

"I beg your pardon," said the Babe. "I don't know how it is, but one gets into the way of calling you Tommy."

"I will thank you," said the sub-editor, "to get out of it."

"I am sorry," said the Babe.

"Don't let it occur again," said the sub-editor.

The Babe stood first on one leg and then on the other, but nothing seemed to come of it. "Well," said the Babe, "I just looked in, that's all. Nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing," thanked him the sub-editor.

"Good-morning," said the Babe.

"Good-morning," said the sub-editor.

Johnny turned the corner into Fleet Street feeling bitter with his lot. A boy carrying a parcel stumbled against him.

"Beg yer pardon"—the small boy looked up into Johnny's face—"Miss," added the small boy, dodging the blow and disappearing into the crowd.

The Babe by reason of his childlike face was accustomed to insults of this character, but to-day it especially irritated him. Why at twenty-two could he not grow even a mustache? Why was he only five feet seven and a half? Why had Fate cursed him with a pink and white complexion, so that the members of his own club had nicknamed him the Babe, while street-boys as they passed pleaded with him for a kiss? Why was his very voice a flutelike alto more suitable —— Suddenly an idea sprang to life within his brain. The idea grew. Passing a barber's shop Johnny went in.

"'Air cut, sir?" remarked the barber, fitting a sheet round Johnny's neck.

"No. Shave." corrected Johnny.

"Pleasant weather we are having," said the barber.

"Very," assented Johnny.

From the barber's Johnny went to Stinchcombe's, the costumer's, in Drury Lane.

"I am playing in a burlesque," explained the Babe. "I want you to rig me out completely as a modern girl."

"Peeth o' luck," said the shopman. "Goth th' very bundle for you. Juth come in."

"I shall want everything," explained the Babe, "from the boots to the hat; stays, petticoats—the whole bag of tricks."

"Regular troutheau there," said the shopman, emptying out the canvas bag upon the counter. "Thry 'em on."

The Babe contented himself with the costume and the boots.

"Juth made for you!" said the shopman.

"A little loose about the chest," suggested the Babe.

"Thath's all right," said the shopman. "Couple o' sthmall towelths all thath's wanted."

"You don't think it too showy?" queried the Babe.

"Thowy? Sthylish, thath's all."

"You are sure everything's here?"

"Everythinkth there," assured him the shopman.

The Babe left a deposit and gave his name and address. The shopman promised the things should be sent round within an hour. The Babe, who had entered into the spirit of the thing, bought a pair of gloves and a small reticule, and made his way to Bow Street.

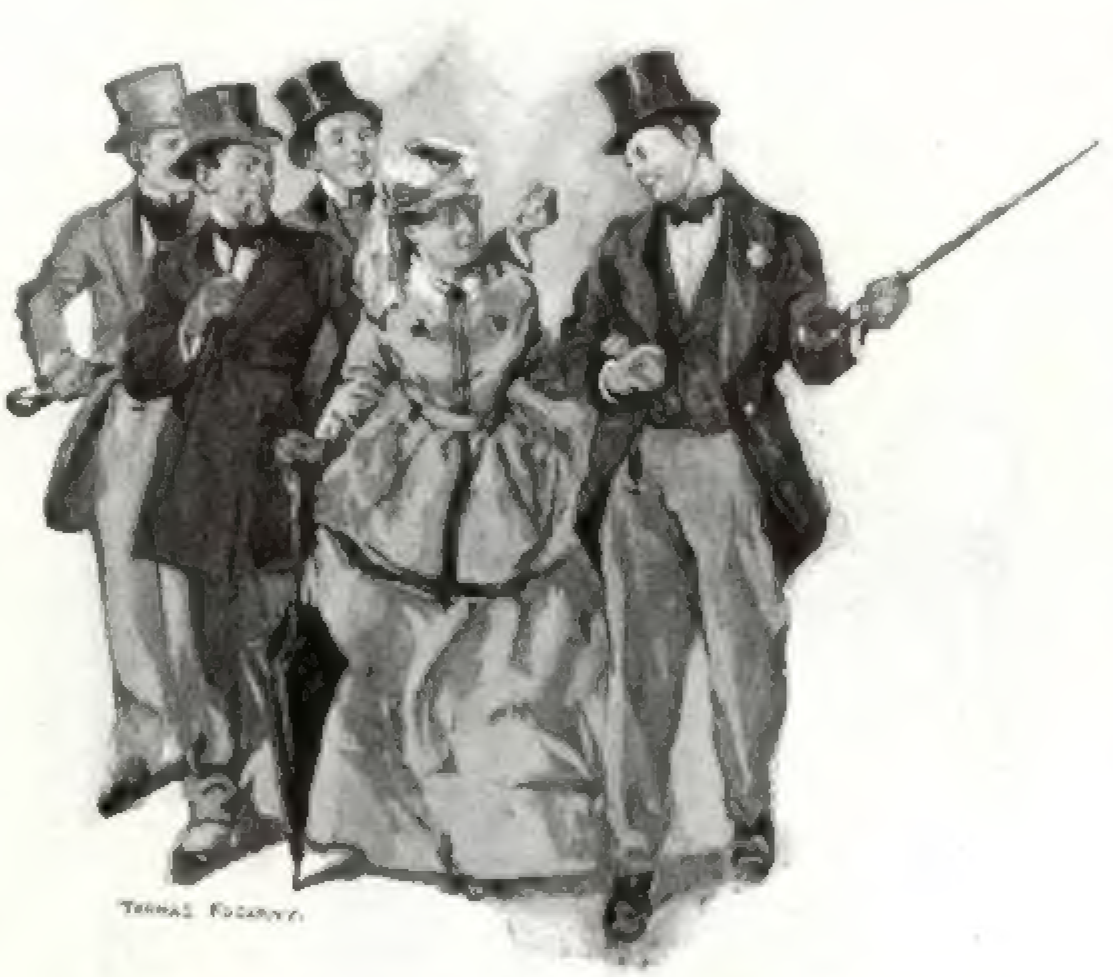
"I want a woman's light brown wig," said the Babe to Mr. Cox, the perruquier.

Mr. Cox tried on two. The deceptive appearance of the second Mr. Cox pronounced as perfect.

"Looks more natural on you than your own hair, blessed if it doesn't!" said Mr. Cox.

The wig also was promised within the hour. The spirit of completeness descended upon the Babe. On his way back to his lodgings in Great Queen Street he purchased a ladylike umbrella and a veil.

Now, a quarter of an hour after Johnny Bulstrode had made his exit by the door of Mr. Stinchcombe's shop, one Harry Bennett, actor and member of the Autolycus Club, pushed it open and entered. The shop was empty. Harry Bennett hammered with his stick, and waited. A piled up bundle of clothes lay upon the counter, a sheet of paper, with a name and address scrawled across it, rested on the bundle. Harry Bennett, given to idle curiosity, approached and read the same. Harry Bennett with his stick poked the bundle, scattering its items over the counter.



THEY MADE A MERRY PARTY WHEREVER THEY WENT

"Donth do thath," said the shopman, coming up. "Juth been putting 'em together."

"What the devil," said Harry Bennett, "is Johnny Bulstrode going to do with that rig-out?"

"How thud I know?" answered the shopman. "Private theatricals, I suppoth. Friend o' yourth?"

"Yes," replied Harry Bennett. "By Jove, he ought to make a good girl! Should like to see it!"

"Well, arthk him for a ticket. Donth make 'em dirty," suggested the shopman.

"I must," said Harry Bennett, and talked about his own affairs.

The rig-out and the wig did not arrive at Johnny's lodgings within the hour as promised, but arrived there within three hours, which was as much as Johnny had expected. It took Johnny nearly an hour to dress, but at last he stood before the plate-glass panel of the wardrobe transformed. Johnny had reason to be pleased with the result. A tall, handsome girl looked back at him out of the glass—a little showily dressed, perhaps, but decidedly chic.

"Wonder if I ought to have a cloak?" mused Johnny, as a ray of sunshine streaming through the window fell upon the image in the glass. "Well, anyhow, I haven't," thought Johnny, as the sunlight died away again, "so it's no good thinking about it."

Johnny seized his reticule and his umbrella and opened cautiously the door. Outside all was silent. Johnny stealthily descended; in the passage paused again. Voices sounded from the basement. Feeling like an escaped burglar, Johnny slipped the latch of the big door and peeped out. A policeman passing turned and looked at him. Johnny hastily drew back and closed the door again. Somebody was ascending from the kitchen. Johnny, caught between two terrors, nearer to the front door than to the stairs, having no time to think, chose the street. It seemed to Johnny that the street was making for him. A woman came hurriedly toward him. What was she going to say to him? What should he answer her? To his surprise she passed him, hardly noticing him. Wondering what miracle had saved him he took a few steps forward. A couple of young clerks coming up from behind turned to look at him, but on encountering his answering stare of angry alarm, appeared confused and went their way. It began to dawn upon him that mankind was less discerning than he had feared. Gaining courage as he proceeded he reached Holborn. Here the larger crowd swept around him indifferent.

"I beg your pardon," said Johnny, coming into collision with a stout gentleman.

"My fault," replied the stout gentleman, as smiling he picked up his damaged hat.

"I beg your pardon," repeated Johnny again two minutes later, colliding with a tall young lady.

"Should advise you to take something for that squint of yours," remarked the tall young lady with severity.

"What's the matter with me?" thought Johnny. "Seems to be a sort of mist ——" The explanation flashed across him.

"Of course," said Johnny to himself, "it's this confounded veil."

Johnny decided to walk to the Marble Soap offices. "I'll be more used to the hang of things by the time I get there if I walk," thought Johnny. "Hope the old beggar's in."

In Newgate Street Johnny paused and pressed his hands against his chest. "Funny sort of pain I've got," thought Johnny. "Wonder if I should shock them if I went in for a drop of brandy?

"It don't get any better," reflected Johnny with some alarm, on reaching the corner of Cheapside. "Hope I'm not going to be ill. Whatever ——" The explanation came to him. "Of course, it's these stays! No wonder girls are short-tempered at times."

At the offices of the Marble Soap Johnny was treated with marked courtesy. Mr. Jowett was out, was not expected back till five o'clock. Would the lady wait, or would she call again? The lady decided, now she was there, to wait. Would the lady take the easy chair? Would the lady have the window open or would she have it shut? Had the lady seen The Times? This thing was going to be good fun. By the time the slamming of doors and the hurrying of feet announced the advent of the chief Johnny was looking forward to his interview.

It was briefer and less satisfactory than he had anticipated. Mr. Jowett was very busy—did not as a rule see anybody in the afternoon; but of course, a lady—would Miss ——

"Montgomery."

"Would Miss Montgomery inform Mr. Jowett what it was he might have the pleasure of doing for her?"

Miss Montgomery explained.

Mr. Jowett seemed half angry, half amused.

"Really," said Mr. Jowett, "this is hardly playing the game. Against our fellowmen we can protect ourselves, but if the ladies are going to attack us—really, it isn't fair."

Miss Montgomery pleaded.

"I'll think it over," was all that Mr. Jowett could be made to promise. "Look me up again."

"When?" asked Miss Montgomery.

"What's to-day?—Thursday. Say Monday." Mr. Jowett rang the bell. "Take my advice," said the old gentleman, laying a fatherly hand on Johnny's shoulder, "leave business to us men. You are a handsome girl. You can do better for yourself than this."

A clerk entered. Johnny rose. "On Monday next, then," Johnny reminded him.

"At four o'clock," agreed Mr. Jowett. "Good-afternoon."

Johnny went out feeling disappointed, and yet, as he told himself, he hadn't done so badly. Anyhow, there was nothing for it but to wait till Monday. Now he would go home, change his clothes, and get some dinner. He hailed a hansom.

"Number twenty-eight—No, stop at the Queen's Street corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields," Johnny directed the man.

"Quite right, Miss," commented the cabman pleasantly. "Corner's best; saves all talk."

"What do you mean?" demanded Johnny.

"No offense, Miss," answered the man. "We was all young once."

Johnny climbed in. At the corner of Queen Street and Lincoln's Inn Fields Johnny got out. Johnny, who had been pondering other matters, put his hand instinctively to where, speaking generally, his pocket should have been; then recollected himself.

"Let me see, did I think to bring any money out with me, or did I not?" mused Johnny, as he stood upon the curb.

"Look in the ridicule, Miss," suggested the cabman.

Johnny looked. It was empty.

"Perhaps I put it in my pocket," thought Johnny.

The cabman hitched his reins to the whip-socket and leaned back.

"It's somewhere about here, I know; I saw it," Johnny told himself. "Sorry to keep you waiting," Johnny added aloud to the cabman.

"Don't you worry about that, Miss," replied the cabman civilly, "we are used to it. A shilling a quarter of an hour is what we charge."

"Of all the d——n silly tricks," muttered Johnny to himself.

Two small boys and a girl carrying a baby paused, interested.

"Go away," told them the cabman. "You'll have troubles of your own one day."

The urchins moved a few steps farther, then halted again and were joined by a slatternly woman and another boy.

"Got it!" cried Johnny, unable to suppress his delight as his hand slipped through a fold. The lady with the baby, without precisely knowing why, set up a shrill cheer. Johnny's delight died away; it wasn't the pocket hole. Short of taking the skirt off and turning it inside out it didn't seem to Johnny that he ever would find that pocket.

Then in that moment of despair he came across it accidentally. It was as empty as the reticule.

"I am sorry," said Johnny to the cabman, "but I appear to have come out without my purse."

The cabman said he had heard that tale before, and was making preparations to descend. The crowd, now numbering eleven, looked hopeful. It occurred to Johnny later that he might have offered his umbrella to the cabman; at least it would have fetched the eighteen-pence. One thinks of these things afterward. The only idea that occurred to him at the moment was that of getting home.

"'Ere, 'old my 'orse a minute," shouted the cabman.

Half a dozen willing hands seized the dozing steed and roused it into madness.

"Hi! stop 'er!" roared the cabman.

"She's down!" shouted the excited crowd.

"Tripped over 'er skirt," explained the slatternly woman. "They do 'amper you."

"No, she's not. She's up again!" vociferated a delighted plumber, with a sounding slap on his own leg. "Blimy, if she ain't a good 'un!"

Fortunately, the Square was tolerably clear and Johnny a good runner. Holding now his skirt and petticoat high in his left hand Johnny moved across the Square at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. A butcher's boy sprang in front of him with arms held out to stop him. The thing that for the next three months annoyed that butcher boy most was hearing shouted out after him, "Yah! who was knocked down and run over by a lidy?" By the time Johnny reached the Strand, via Clement's Inn, the hue and cry was far behind. Johnny dropped his skirts and assumed a more girlish pace. Through Bow Street and Long Acre he reached Great Queen Street in safety. Upon his own doorstep he began to laugh. His afternoon's experience had been amusing; still, on the whole, he wasn't sorry it was over. One can have too much even of the best of jokes. Johnny rang the bell.

The door opened. Johnny would have walked in had not a big, raw-boned woman barred his progress.

"What do you want?" demanded the raw-boned woman.

"Want to come in," explained Johnny.

"What do you want to come in for?"

This appeared to Johnny a foolish question. On reflection he saw the sense of it. This raw-boned woman was not Mrs. Pegg, his landlady—some friend of hers, he supposed.

"It's all right," said Johnny. "I live here. Left my latchkey at home, that's all."

"There's no females lodging here," declared the raw-boned lady. "And what's more, there's going to be none."

All this was very vexing. Johnny in his joy at reaching his own doorstep had not foreseen these complications. Now it would be necessary to explain things. He only hoped the story would not get round to the fellows at the club.

"Ask Mrs. Pegg to step up for a minute," requested Johnny.

"Not at 'ome," explained the raw-boned lady.

"Not—not at home?"

"Gone to Romford, if you wish to know, to see her mother."

"What—what time do you expect her in?"

"Sunday evening, six o'clock," she replied.

Johnny looked at the raw-boned lady, imagined himself telling the raw-boned lady the simple, unvarnished truth, and the raw-boned lady's utter disbelief of every word of it. An inspiration came to his aid.

"I am Mr. Bulstrode's sister," said Johnny meekly: "he's expecting me."

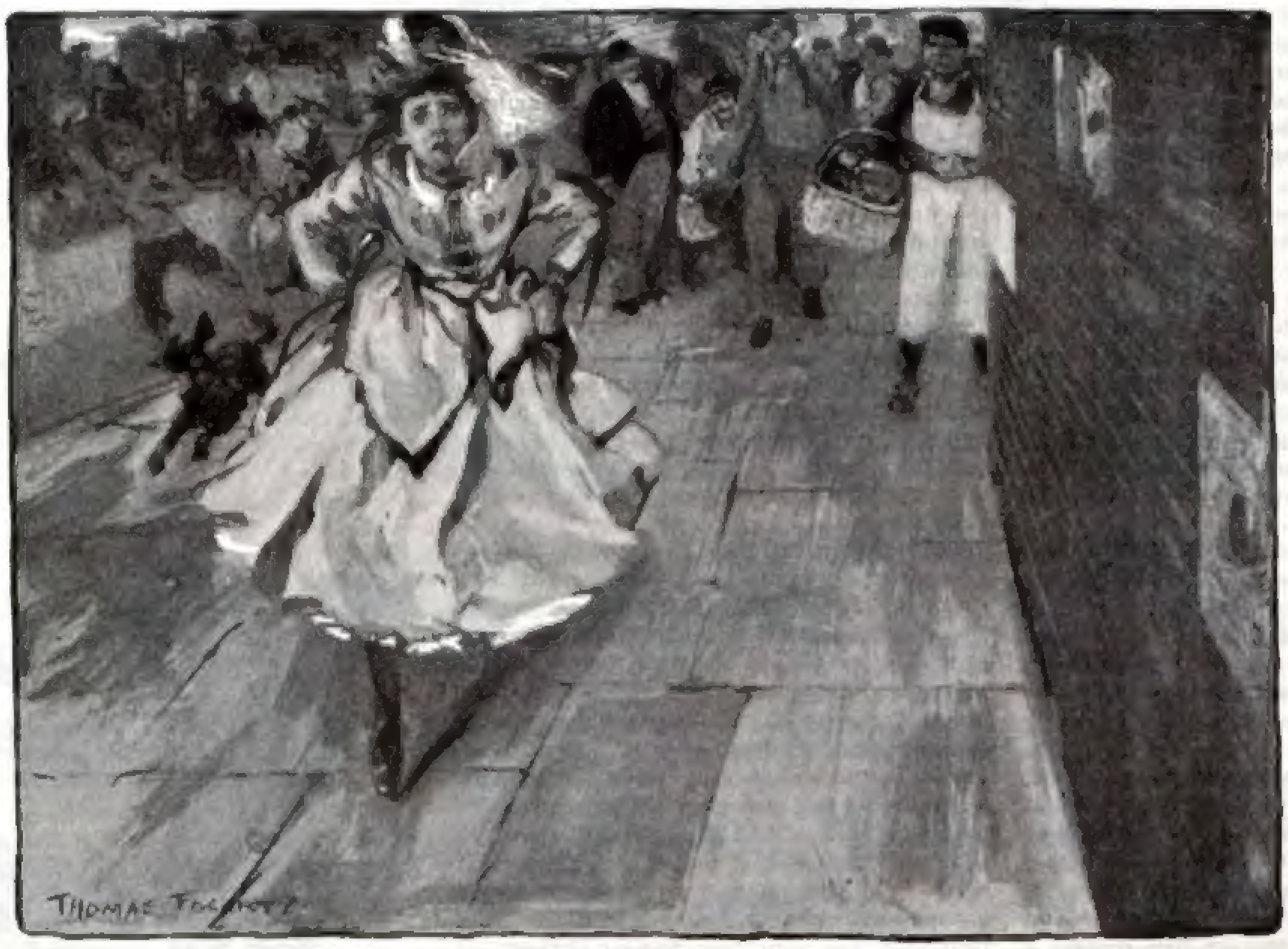
"Thought you said you lived here?" reminded him the raw-boned lady.

"I meant that he lived here," replied poor Johnny, still more meekly. "He has the second floor, you know."

"I know," replied the raw-boned lady. "Not in."

"I'll go up to his room then and wait for him," said Johnny.

"No, you won't," said the raw-boned lady.



"HI! STOP 'ER!"

For an instant it occurred to Johnny to make a dash for it, but the raw-boned lady looked both formidable and determined. There would be a big disturbance, perhaps the police called in. Johnny had often wanted to see his name in print; in connection with this affair he somehow felt he didn't.

"Do let me in," Johnny pleaded, "I have nowhere else to go."

"You have a walk and cool yourself," suggested the raw-boned lady. "Don't expect he will be long."

"But you see——"

The raw-boned lady slammed the door.

Outside a restaurant in Wellington Street, from which proceeded savory odors, Johnny paused and tried to think. "How am I to live till Sunday night? Where am I to sleep? If I telegraph home—how can I telegraph? I haven't got a penny. This is funny," said Johnny, unconsciously speaking aloud—"upon my word, this is funny! Oh! you go to ——" Johnny hurled this last at the head of an overgrown errand boy, whose intention had been to offer sympathy.

"Well, I never!" commented a passing flower-girl. "Calls 'erself a lidy, I suppose."

Drawn by a notion that was forming in his mind Johnny turned his steps up Bedford Street. "Why not?" mused Johnny. "Nobody else seems even to have a suspicion: why should they? I'll never hear the last of it if they find me out. But why should they? Well, something's got to be done."

Johnny walked on quickly. At the door of the Autolycus Club was undecided for a moment; then took his courage in both hands and plunged through the swing doors.

"Is Mr. Herring—Mr. Jack Herring here?"

"Find him in the smoking-room, Mr. Bulstrode," answered old Goslin, who was reading the evening paper.

"Oh, would you mind asking him to step out a moment?"

Old Goslin looked up, took off his spectacles, rubbed them, put them on again.

"Please say Miss Bulstrode—Mr. Bulstrode's sister."

Old Goslin found Jack Herring the centre of an earnest argument on Hamlet—was he really mad?

"A lady to see you, Mr. Herring," announced old Goslin.

"A what?"

"Miss Bulstrode, Mr. Bulstrode's sister. She's waiting in the hall."

"Never knew he had a sister," said Jack Herring, rising.

"Wait a minute," said Harry Bennett; "shut that door. Don't go." This to old Goslin, who closed the door and returned. "Lady in a heliotrope dress with a lace collar, three flounces on the skirt?"

"That's right, Mr. Bennett," agreed old Goslin.

"It's the Babe himself!" asserted Harry Bennett.

The question of Hamlet's madness was forgotten.

"Was in at Stinchcombe's this morning," explained Harry Bennett; "saw the clothes on the counter addressed to him. That's the identical frock. This is just a 'try on': thinks he's going to have a lark with us."

The Autolycus Club looked round at itself.

"I can see verra promising possibilities in this, provided the thing is properly managed," said the Wee Laddie, after a pause.

"So can I," agreed Jack Herring. "Keep where you are, all of you. 'Twould be a pity to fool it."

The Autolycus Club waited. Jack Herring reentered the room.

"One of the saddest stories I have ever heard in all my life," explained Jack Herring, in a whisper. "Poor girl left Derbyshire this morning to come and see her brother; found him out, hasn't been seen at his lodgings since three o'clock, fears something may have happened to him. Landlady gone to Romford to see her mother, strange woman in charge, won't let her in to wait for him. And that's not the worst of it. The dear girl has been robbed of everything she possesses and hasn't got a sou—hasn't had any dinner and doesn't know where to sleep."

"Sounds a bit elaborate," thought Porson.

"I think I can understand it," said the Briefless One. "What has happened is this: He's dressed up thinking to have a bit of fun with us, and has come out forgetting to put any money or his latchkey in his pocket. His landlady may have gone to Romford or may not. In any case he would have to knock at the door and enter into explanations. What does he suggest—the loan of a sovereign?"

"The loan of two," replied Jack Herring.

"To buy himself a suit of clothes. Don't you do it, Jack. Providence has imposed this upon us. Our duty is to show him the folly of indulging in senseless escapades."

"What I propose to do," grinned Jack, "is to take him round to Mrs. Postwhistle's. She's under a sort of obligation to me. I am trying to get her the post-office. We'll leave him there for a night with instructions to Mrs. P. to keep a motherly eye on him. To-morrow he shall have his 'bit of fun,' and I guess he'll be the first to get tired of the joke."

It looked a promising plot. Seven members of the Autolycus Club gallantly undertook to accompany "Miss Bulstrode" to her lodgings. Jack Herring excited jealousy by securing the privilege of carrying her reticule. "Miss Bulstrode" was given to understand that anything any of the seven could do for her each and every one would be delighted to do, if only for the sake of her brother—one of the dearest boys that ever breathed—a bit of an ass, though that, of course, he could not help. "Miss Bulstrode" was not so grateful as perhaps she should have been. Her idea still was that if one of them would lend her a couple of sovereigns the rest need not worry themselves further. This, purely in her own interests, they declined to do. She had suffered one extensive robbery that day already, as Jack reminded her. London was a city of danger to the young and inexperienced. Far better that they should watch over her and provide for her simple wants. Painful as it was to refuse a lady, a beloved companion's sister's welfare was yet dearer to them.

Arrived at the little grocer's shop in Rolls Court, Jack Herring drew Mrs. Postwhistle aside.

"She's a sister of a very dear friend of ours," explained Jack Herring.

"A fine-looking girl," commented Mrs. Postwhistle.

"I shall be round again in the morning. Don't let her out of your sight, and above all, don't lend her any money," directed Jack Herring.

"I understand," replied Mrs. Postwhistle.

"Miss Bulstrode" having dispatched an excellent supper of cold mutton and bottled beer leaned back in her chair and crossed her legs. "I have often wondered," remarked Miss Bulstrode, her eyes fixed upon the ceiling, "what a cigarette would taste like."

"Taste nasty, I should say, the first time," thought Mrs. Postwhistle, who was knitting.

"Some girls, so I have heard," remarked Miss Bulstrode, "smoke cigarettes."

"Not nice girls," thought Mrs. Postwhistle.

"One of the nicest girls I ever knew," remarked Miss Bulstrode, "always smoked a cigarette after supper. Said it soothed her nerves."

"Wouldn't have thought so if I'd had charge of her," said Mrs. Postwhistle.

"I think," said Miss Bulstrode, who seemed restless—"I think I shall go for a little walk before turning in."

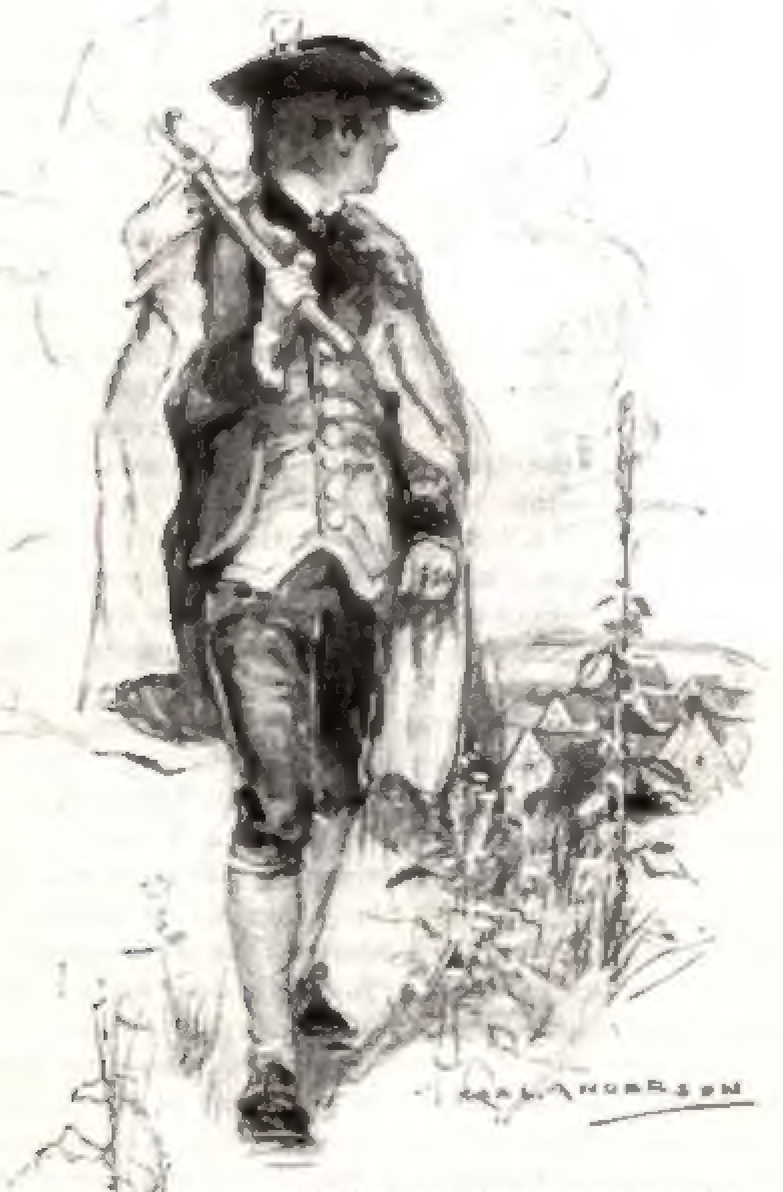
"Perhaps it would do us good," agreed Mrs. Postwhistle, laying down her knitting.

(Continued on Page 22)

WHERE THE MONEY CAME FROM

By Arthur E. McFarlane

JOHN JACOB ASTOR



FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL HE WAS AFFORDED HIS LAST GLIMPSE OF WALDORF

IN THE eighteenth century, if not in this last, there still remained a few of those "fine, hearty lads" who "one bright summer morning set forth down the highroad to make their fortunes." And the sort of fortune they were after was no matter of bonds and mortgages and mouldy money-bags, but a brave, slashing, adventurous one. It was the kind that naturally reverts to you when you have slain the robbers and found their caveful of golden plunderings. It was the kind you brought back from the South Seas in your brigantine after bartering with savages in pirogues and catamarans, after capturing proas that swarmed with jewel-festooned Malays, or junks full of priceless silks and Chinese pirates. It was the kind you conveyed home in sandalwood chests studded with nails, along with lockers packed with curiosities — to say nothing of cabin walls whiskered with creeses, scimitars, yataghans, assagais, boomerangs and blowguns. It was the kind of fortune that led you inevitably to knighthood and to marriage with the daughter of your former employer, the great merchant baron; and when you had lived happy ever afterward you could still take your grandchildren on your knees with something to romance about into the bargain.

Such was the fortune gained by worthy Dick Whittington, whom the very bells delighted to hearten. "*Turn* again, *Whit*tington, *Lord* Mayor of *Lon*don!" chanted the rallying chimes to him. Yes, and what one of us, even now, cannot hear the same bells of hallowing glory if we but listen with hearts boyishly brave enough? Such, too, was the fortune sought and won by John Jacob Astor, born in 1763, at Waldorf, in old Germany.

He was the youngest of three brothers; and the older two, helped forth by a fiery-tempered stepmother, had started out to seek *their* fortunes several years ahead of him. But how shamefully had they declined from their high purposes! One, Henry, had got as far as New York, in North America, where you have your choice between the red Indians and the galleons of the Spanish Main — and he had opened a shop where he was selling tripe and sausages! The other, George, had let himself be articled to an uncle in London and there was contentedly making fiddles and accordions! From the tablets of his kindred John Jacob crossed them off.

Yet at that time London was the centre of the world, and if you intended to make a fortune of any magnificence at all from there must you certainly start. So, when he was sixteen, for London John Jacob boldly set out. He had chosen a "fine summer morning"; over his shoulder he carried his stick and bundle as prescribed by all competent authorities, and into his long Würtemberger waistcoat he had sewed two silver crowns. Nor, when from the top of the hill he was afforded his last glimpse of Waldorf, did he forget to pause and make his good resolutions. He would be honest, he would be industrious and he would never gamble; and the last was especially praiseworthy, for he had never as yet seen any gambling and therefore could not know what allurement it might hold for him.

Starting on again, he trudged the twenty miles to the Rhine. And there it was as if Adventure herself stood awaiting him. A big Black Forest lumber-raft needed more oarsmen. John Jacob offered himself, and was taken on. He had two weeks of pure delight, earned ten thalers and found himself at a seaport. Thence he voyaged over to London like a lord, amid a cargo of flax, Rhenish wine and good Dutch cheeses.

Alas, no sooner had he got to London than his uncle and elder brother seized upon him, and, utterly disregarding his whole carefully thought-out scheme of things, impressed him, in *his* turn, as a 'prentice to the fiddle and accordion business; and for the next three years he labored to strains more hateful even than the perverted sounds of the sackbut and the psaltery when played before the altars of Baal.

Yet he could remind himself that many who had been the most successful in seeking their fortunes had first been luckless apprentices. In those years, too, he gained a knowledge of English, which he now began to realize might come in very handily for his high emprises. And when at last he got under way again, this time on a ship bound for Baltimore, he had earned fifteen guineas for traveling expenses. He had also seven flutes, which, though more than worthless to him, might, indeed, have a certain value with the half-civilized peoples of the New World.

The voyage was not an exciting one. It was long and tedious, and from the first John Jacob could not but feel that all the other voyagers were of the most ordinary sort. He must look elsewhere. And it was high time, besides, that he was admitting the captain into his plans and confidence. So one day he mounted to the bridge and gave him the honest hail of comradeship. That captain gasped, glared bull-like and with oaths ordered him down again! . . . John Jacob did not so debase himself as to answer him. But could that unworthy navigator only have known it, before his passenger had reached his quarters again he had taken the inexorable resolution that when, in the immediate future, he should be the owner of that ship he would call the man before him, coldly remind him of the incident and with ignominy dismiss him from his service.

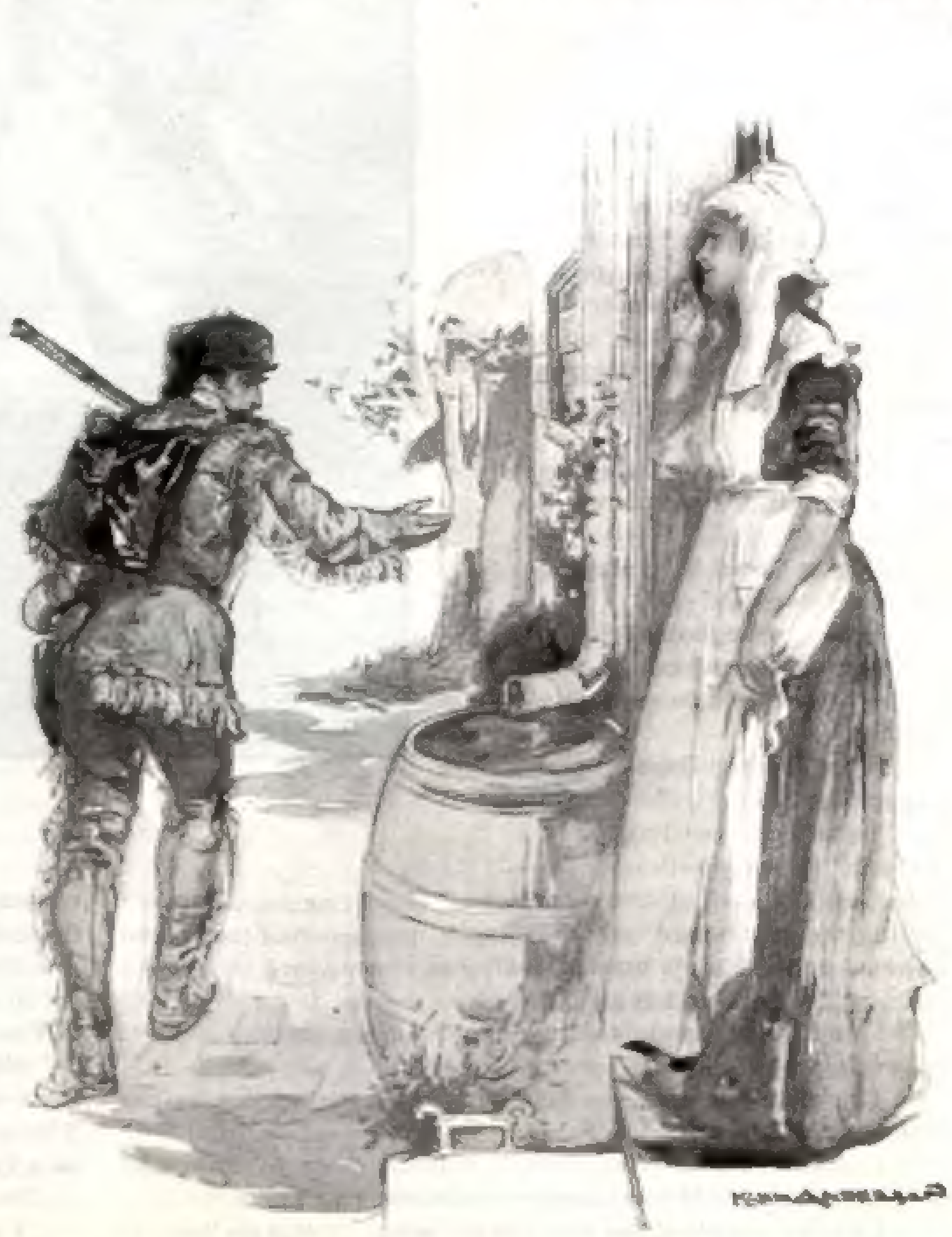
But when they reached Chesapeake Bay, for a long time it looked as if nobody would be the owner of that ship in the still nearer future. For she had arrived in the freezing midwinter of 1783-4, and the masses of ice hugely crunching to and fro about her threatened to smash her ribs at every helpless turn. One morning there seemed full prospect of her going to the bottom within an hour. John Jacob descended to his berth and came up again wearing his best blue suit. "If I'm saved it'll be saved with me," he said, "and if I'm drowned I won't need it." Now, there was the proper fortune-seeking spirit, not only to die wearing your boots but your best Sunday clothes! It was also the sign of a certain Teutonic canniness which will frequently come more into evidence later.

In any case, it commended him to one of his companions of the voyage. And in him, where he least expected it, he found the "man for his money!" He was a simply dressed Dutchman, but for the last ten years he had been trading with the red Indians; in fact he was only then returning from London, where he had disposed of a dozen bales of peltries at a most handsome profit. John Jacob could not hear too much from him. It was the kind of business he had had in his hungering mind's eye since he could remember. His new friend unrestrainedly told him all he knew. And when at length they came safely through the ice to land they posted north to New York together.

Now, his companion did not himself need an assistant, and the question was, how should John Jacob make his beginning? Of course, there was brother Henry, who was good enough to offer him a place in his shop. But even had Henry not put himself absolutely beyond consideration in other ways, there was in John Jacob an inner voice which warned him that business relations with one's kinsfolk are distinctly inadvisable. The only other opening, however, was with an aged Quaker named Robert Bowne; and Quakers, too, even when in the gayety of youth, are fellows little promising in adventure. But Robert Bowne was in the fur trade, and with him John Jacob allied himself.

And in the two years following he learned all there was to know about bartering with the savages. He learned the language of the Mohawks, Oneidas and Senecas, he learned their manners and customs and how to become sworn brother with grand sachems. During the second summer he was allowed to make the Montreal expedition. He sailed up to Albany; then with his feather-decked guides he struck north through the forests. He went in birch-bark canoes up Lake George and Lake Champlain. Every day he was received with honors into new lodges; every night he slept by new teepee campfires, and he ate fish and saw animals he had never heard of before. It was an expedition to dream about. And although Canada was still forbidden to trade with the revolted colonies, in the French-Canadian metropolis John Jacob finely ignored all that. He made bargains with a thousand pelt-laden Hurons and Algonquins, and organizing a pack-train, carried back to Albany enough contraband beaver, martin and otter skins to fill a sloop! That satisfied John Jacob, too, of his own capacity. Next year he was working for no ancient Quaker. He was his own master.

And then, given open way to the very banquet of life, it must be said that for a time, in the good old-country phrase,



SENT HIM OFF TO THE WILDERNESS MUCH AS ANY LADY OF THE AGE OF CHIVALRY MIGHT HAVE SENT HER KNIGHT

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles on the sources of the great American fortunes.

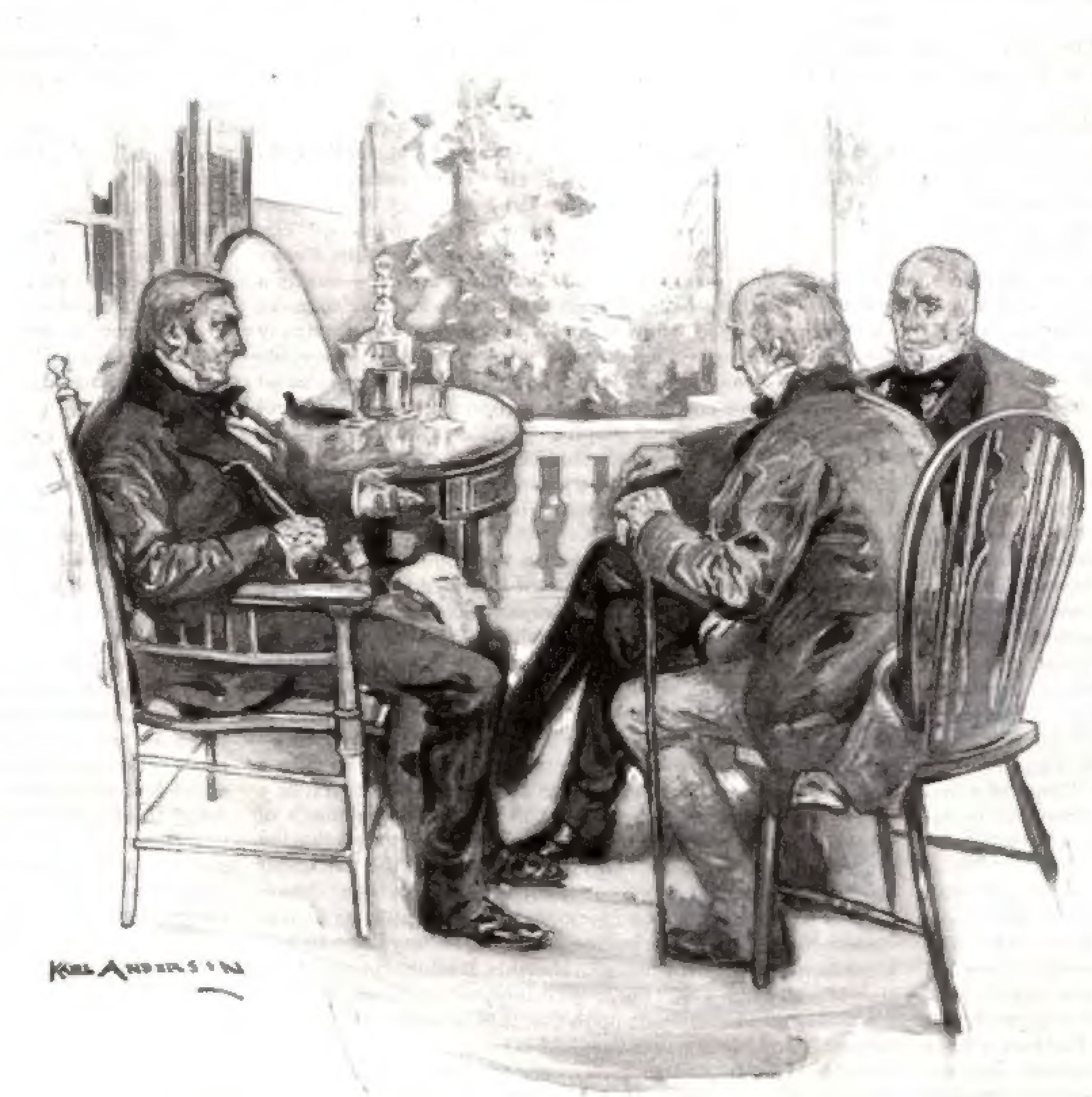
"he had eyes much bigger than his stomach." He wanted to take every bale of furs that came down the Hudson. He felt he could employ all that remained of the Six Nations. As for purblind brother Henry, he was not only still unable to see that fur-trading was the only real business upon this earth, but he was forever talking of the sordid shillings and pence part of it. He even grumbled that the imperial comprehensiveness of John Jacob's plans very frequently compelled him to come to him for a temporary loan or an indorsement; and, finally, he offered that younger brother $100 as a free gift if he would ask no more financial favors from him for all time to come. It was a proposition which showed a spirit sufficiently mean upon the part of Henry. But John Jacob was broad-minded, and in the end decided to take that $100. Henry, too, had begun to buy land; and he swelled about intolerably over a piffling $800 which he had put into a site for a new house on the Bowery. Privately, John Jacob thought with contempt of this buying land and building houses; but, since Henry held such views of things, he did not mind telling him in an offhand way that some day *he* would build a house the like of which had never been seen in New York before.

For the time being he was content to feel himself merely the prospective monarch of all New York State. He had rented a tiny receiving and storage warehouse on Gold Street. But throughout most of the summer months he was touring his provinces and receiving the tribute of his copper-hued subjects. He picked out suitable sites for his great cities, too, and—now we begin to take a different view of John Jacob's kind of intellect—one of them afterward became Buffalo, another Rochester, and others, a half century later, big towns along the Erie Canal. Also, as he organized a service of *coureurs de bois*, the routes he laid out for them were, most of them, later selected for great trunk-line railroads! His trails anticipated the New York Central from Albany north and west to Montreal and Buffalo, the Erie and the Pennsylvania to the south, and the less ambitious line of the Long Island. For real estate in large masses and hundred-league stretches John Jacob was developing an eye the most clairvoyantly acute that ever dwelt upon an American landscape!

With a growing sobriety in money matters, too—though with no loss of his delight in adventure—he could now see that golden fortune very rapidly approaching. So rapidly was it coming, indeed, that he decided to think of it as having arrived; and he married. His bride, Miss Sarah Todd, was not exactly the daughter of a merchant baron, but she brought him $300 in actual coin; she came of Brevoort stock, which was "quality"; and, what was vastly more, she had been dowered with the same sort of spirit as had John Jacob himself. She sent him off to the wilderness much as any lady of the age of chivalry might have sent her knight off a-jousting for trophies, or possibly as a proper pirate's bride would have bidden her lord and master sail forth for another taking of doubloons and diamonds. And if, when John Jacob was at home, they worked together in their palace attic or royal back garden, sorting and beating the moths out of their peltries and binding them into bundles with all homely simplicity, when those trafficking Mohawks and Senecas attempted to haggle she talked to them like an empress indeed. She was the kind of girl for John Jacob, and together they prospered.

In another year, however, there returned that restlessness in his bones which told him the time had come for a new cast of fortune, and a trip to England with a shipment of fine beaver skins might well be the beginning of it. Sarah encouraged him as much as if she had been going to go with him, and he went. He made the most lucrative of selling arrangements. By Astor and Broadwood, the musical-instrument people to whom he had been apprenticed, he was offered their American agency. With that lobe of his brain which had regard to the shillings he saw that the offer was good, and accepted it. But he was really looking for something else. He found it, too.

One day he was wandering aimlessly about among the big stone London warehouses when he brought up at the door of the East India Company. He asked the porter the name of the governor. It was German, and had a familiar echo. John Jacob went in to see the bearer of it, and met a schoolboy companion of Waldorf. They dined together and talked old times till all hours of the night. And two days later, when the New Yorker took his departure, the East India governor insisted on making him a gift. "He placed in his hands two documents: 'You may find them of value,' he said. One was a Canton price current, and the other a carefully engrossed permit on parchment authorizing the ship which bore it to trade freely and without molestation at any of the ports monopolized by the East India Company."



AT HIS COUNTRY PLACE HE ENTERTAINED HENRY CLAY, ALBERT GALLATIN AND OTHER GREAT POLITICIANS

Yet at the time John Jacob had no adequate conception of what had been given him. It was to Sarah that that parchment made the actual appeal. True, her husband owned neither bark nor brigantine; but he had a neighbor on Water Street who did, and to him, James Livingston, the West India merchant, she forthwith sent him.

She instructed him to talk big, too; and John Jacob did. "Make up a voyage for one of your largest ships," he said; "you furnish craft and cargo for trading with China; I will furnish the permit and we will divide profits."

Thereat Mr. James Livingston jumped twenty years nearer apoplexy. But some weeks later he decided to look into the fur-trader's various other ventures; and then it was powerfully borne in upon him that Astor must certainly be the young man with the silver shilling. He hesitated a month longer; then he closed with the proposal.

The ship was loaded with lead, scrap-iron, Spanish milled dollars and ginseng, which at that time grew thickly all over upper Manhattan and Staten Island. She sailed for the Horn and the Pacific, and then followed eighteen months of waiting. But that ship returned all right! "And as his share of the profits from the voyage Astor received $55,000 in silver, packed in barrels and delivered at his new store at the corner of Pearl and Pine Streets!" Now, there was something like a way to have money come to you! Any scribbling clerk can open an envelope and take out a draft; but to stand by and to see $55,000 in silver in barrels being rolled down your cellarway! There was a story for your open mouthed posterity!

Livingston, however, seemed still to think the division of profits a monstrously unfair one. And as John Jacob always distrusted partnerships anyway, he resolved that that permit should make its next voyage in his own ship. So he bought one with what he had made from the first, gave her much the same cargo and in her turn started her for Canton. Again he indubitably held the lucky shilling. This is what happened to that second ship:

On her way out she was delayed by storms and had to stop at the Sandwich Islands to take in water and provisions; and at the same time she took on board a large stock of firewood. When she arrived at Canton a mandarin came aboard and, noticing this firewood, asked its price. The captain, thinking it about the same value as cordwood, told him to make a bid. The mandarin bid $500 a ton! It was sandalwood! Now, truly and honor, what do you think of that? Can you any longer maintain that there's no such thing in this world as luck? And for seventeen years, too, of the twenty-seven during which the ships of John Jacob—always doubling in numbers—continued in the China trade, they managed to keep the secret of the source of that sandalwood. It was only when a down-east Yankee hired a clipper and dodged back and forth after the Astor craft for a year or more that he found John Jacob out. Nor did that Yankee shout his discovery to all the world, either, but for many years more kept quiet and shared in the profits.

But we must not get so far ahead of our story. For the present John Jacob was still getting the most of his fun from the fur trade. In one trip he covered the entire length of the Great Lakes, shooting the rapids of Sault Ste. Marie on the way, and establishing new posts at every other stopping-place. Yet, perforce, his personal expeditions had to be less frequent now. In place of a company he had a whole regiment of *coureurs de bois* to manage. He had them poach, too, without any shame at all, upon the territories of the Hudson Bay Company, the Northwest and Mackinaw Companies and the preserves of old Père Chouteau about the headwaters of the Mississippi and the Missouri. Could John Jacob have been caught at large it is safe to say he would have been sent down *la longue traverse*.

His warehouses, also, though trebled in size, had become all too small for his business. It became financial wisdom to have ships of his own to transport those precious cargoes across to London. Almost at the same time, too, he learned that China was a country which could use more furs and pay greater prices for them than any other on earth!

And thus it was that, quite without his suggesting it, he became a merchant with a trade that circumnavigated the globe! On a two-years' voyage his towering East Indiamen would first swing round to China with Spanish exchange money, furs and ginseng; the latter alone sold at a profit of three dollars a pound. Loading again with silks, porcelain and tea, which was then worth its weight in silver even at wholesale, the long run was made through the Indian Ocean and around Good Hope to London. There the cargo would be exchanged for one of English wares, and the ship would head for home. Often her first voyage would pay for her. To clear $100,000 became an ordinary matter.. Astor was a millionaire long before he knew it. In a few years more he had quadrupled his fortune. He had, as he said, "a million afloat, not counting cargoes." It had all come from the peltries, too. It is no wonder he would have a superior skin hung up in his counting-room as other men hang fine pictures, apparently for the mere pleasure of admiring it. He would pass his hand proudly over it, extolling its charms with enthusiasm—not forgetting, however, to mention the fact that in Canton it would bring him in $400. And he now had an immense storehouse for nothing but tea.

He had time, moreover, to let his mind take a most vigorous hold of other and very different things. Twenty years later he was asked what was the largest sum he ever made. His answer was to tell, with a rueful countenance, the largest sum he ever just *missed* making. That was when, with the diplomatic assistance of DeWitt Clinton, Gouverneur Morris and one or two others, he designed an undertaking which would have profited him some $30,000,000 and "made me," he added mournfully, "the richest man in all the world."

This was his idea. He had been following the course of European politics very closely during those first years of the nineteenth century; he knew that Napoleon was sorely in need of money, and that, with a British fleet in the West Indies, he could not attach much value to his territory of Louisiana. Astor decided that he would purchase that territory and resell it to the Government. He would retain a two and one-half per cent. commission and the "public domain." By "public domain" he meant merely the private ownership of the land in question! . . . It was an idea astoundingly daring enough for the Corsican himself. Alas, Bonaparte needed money even more urgently than the China fur-trader imagined — and there was more enterprise in Thomas Jefferson than he had ever believed. The latter bought that Louisiana territory first! . . . In this year of the celebration of the purchase any Astor biographer of feeling must write this paragraph with tears in his eyes.

But for great sorrows there are great consolations. About that time there came to him, meekly seeking service, a captain whose face he well remembered, though that captain had long forgotten him. It was he who had given such brutal reception to his juvenile advances when on the voyage to America! Astor hired him, received his thanks and compliments and then recalled to him their former meeting. . . . After all, what is the loss of a paltry thirty millions to the sweetness of getting back, even with coals of fire, at one who has wounded you with quite needless cruelty in the years of your most sensitive youth?

He was now giving service to very many captains, too. For, besides having his masters make the great globe-circling voyage, he also had them trade at all the big ports along the way. He organized a sort of world-wide tramper service; and therewith he also organized his own general news bureau by which to direct and control that service. His ships began to be seen in every port from Archangel to the Moluccas. And though he had nothing to go by but the prices of a year before in his Mercury or Commercial Advertiser he seemed always to know exactly what to send whither and what to bring thence. His genius in that was hardly second to his genius as a "continental assessor of real estate." In five years he had not only made himself the greatest of American merchants, but his name was famous and his credit was gilt-edged wherever gold was money.

Of that period of his life many are the stories told. He had now forgiven Jefferson, and — which was surely not self-interest — he was one of the first New York merchants to subscribe to the embargo. But in 1808 he could not resist clearing just one ship, the old Beaver, for Whampoa. "She went under special permission from the President," it was announced, "for the purpose of carrying a great mandarin home to China." For a long time his fellow-merchants were mightily puzzled over that "great mandarin." Years after there came light in the shape of a story of a helpless Chinaman who had been gathered up in the park, rigged out in silks and otter-skins and honored with the Emperor's red button. No wonder that Emperor — or his American representative — is described as being commonly a most genial man and of very high spirits.

He had his cross-grained fits, however. He fought with one of his ablest captains over who should pay for a new chronometer; and it was Astor who should have paid. The captain immediately asked for his papers, signed with a rival firm, raced his old ship out to Canton and back again; and, getting his tea in first upon a market which it glutted, left John Jacob about $30,000 to the bad. "You had better have paid for that chronometer," said the triumphant mariner when he met him a few days later. Astor cheerfully acknowledged the entire truth of his observation and hired him again at a higher salary!

He was making much money. He had no Golden Touch, but, most emphatically, he *had* the Iron Grip. Yet, on the other hand, he was not a small-souled man. In those years his good wife Sarah, "who had always known much more than he of the value of furs," used still to select the shipments for the Canton trade. And for her services she charged him $500 an hour! He chuckled with pride, and paid it. He was enjoying his fortune to the full. He had set up a country-place at Red Hook, and was filling it with a thousand South Sea curios. He loved to astonish his neighbor New Yorkers by bringing in Burmans and Cingalese for servants. His son, William B., he was educating at Heidelberg like any German *junker*.

In 1804 Lewis and Clark had found their way through the Rockies and reached the Pacific. Almost at the same time McKenzie, as agent of the Northwest Company, had penetrated the great region now known as British Columbia. Astor planned to extend a mighty series of trading-posts from the Missouri and Yellowstone across the Great Divide to the Columbia, and down it to the ocean. At the mouth of the Columbia he designed to found a fort and settlement, and a city of his own, Astoria. And he would not only trade from it with every Indian tribe for a thousand miles inland and up and down the coast, and send his shiploads of peltries direct to China, but his colonists would engage in agriculture, in manufactures and shipbuilding. He would found the New York of the vast Western Ocean. In the words of Washington Irving, whom he made the most intimate of his friends, "His intention was not only to carry the fur trade across the Rocky Mountains and sweep the shores of the Pacific" — surely a great and gallant enough business of itself, and one to make the work of the Northwest and the Hudson Bay Company mere rat-catching — "but he now aspired to that honorable fame which is awarded to men who by their great commercial enterprises have enriched nations, peopled wildernesses and extended the bounds of empire." Astoria was to be "the emporium of an immense commerce, the centre of a wide civilization." And by it a tremendous territory still held jointly with Great Britain should wholly be turned over to the United States.

Though he had long poached in the country of the rival British-Canadian companies, he now intended to run no risks of conflict. The Hudson Bay Company his new venture could in no way touch. With the "Northwesters" he made a virtual alliance. North of Nootka Sound the Russian-American Fur Company was gathering sea-otter skins. Far from threatening to incroach upon them, he sent an ambassador to St. Petersburg, and through the Russian Government drew up a treaty with them. His ships were to provide them with a regular supply service, and were to convey their furs, at a fixed rate, across to Siberia. With King Tamaahmaah of Hawaii Astor also made overtures with a view to purchasing an island as a great half-way station. As for the particular site of Astoria, that was to be settled for their mutual convenience by his agents and captains. The general site he had chosen himself; and during the preceding twenty years he had abundantly proved to himself that his instinct for the location of a city was a true one. And now, when he had focused his whole mind and heart upon this, his master undertaking, when he stood ready to make all his men and ships and millions feed to it, and to wait years for it to become strong enough to hold its own, he felt that it *could* not fail.

But it did fail. Not that it was defeated by the thousand difficulties encountered by his expedition overland; for, after all its hardships, that expedition was in the end a triumph. Astoria had been founded, trading-places established far and wide among the now conciliated Indians and trade got well under way; a beginning in agriculture had been made. They could even tell him something of the unlooked-for and unsurpassable wealth of the salmon and sturgeon fisheries, of the immense forests of the hinterland, even of its great mineral resources. It was more than he had ever hoped for. "I felt ready," he says, "to fall on my knees in a transport of gratitude!" . . . And then there came the War of 1812, with Astoria utterly defenseless against the British frigates!

At once, in an agony, the founder applied to the Government for letters of marque; he would equip a ship of war and hold the Columbia at his own cost. He was not listened to. Monroe was then Secretary of State, but his doctrine had not as yet been extended to the Pacific. Astor held millions in Government bonds, but his impotence as a private citizen was absolute. He could only await the issue. "Were I on the spot," he wrote to his agent, "and had the management of affairs I would defy them all; but, as it is, everything depends upon you and your friends about you. Our enterprise is grand and deserves success, and I hope in God it will meet it. If my object were merely gain of money I should say, think whether it is best to save what we can, and abandon the place; but the very idea is like a dagger to my heart." . . . McDougal, his lieutenant, surrendered to the first gunboat to appear on the coast. The settlement was broken up, the traders scattered, and for thirty years afterward Astoria remained a fort of His Britannic Majesty.

The best part of the man had gone into that post at the mouth of the Columbia. Yet, when the first shock of the failure was over he did little brooding. His life thereafter was that of the man who had fought his fight and for whom nothing remains but the passive and quiet. Much of his old good spirits gradually came back to him. We find him very proud that it was his news service which brought New York and Washington their first knowledge of the signing of the treaty of peace. At his country-place he entertained Henry Clay, Albert Gallatin and other great politicians of the time. For the companions of his bosom he had Irving, Halleck and Doctor Cogswell. He had little education; though he wrote good, clear English, to the last he spoke the same quaint dialect which Joe Jefferson gives us in his Rip Van Winkle.

In 1827 he retired from the China trade and turned over his other active interests to his son, William B. He was made a director of the Bank of the United States, and when at home was often consulted by the Secretaries of the Treasury. And when he moved from his city home, 223 Broadway, on the block whereon it had stood he built that house, "the like of which had never been seen in New York before." It was the Astor House, and for forty years it remained the most famous of American hotels. Personally, however, he gave himself no greater labors than those of investment. He died in 1848 leaving a fortune of twenty millions, which at that time was the greatest that had ever been amassed in America.

They say that as he grew old he grew crabbed and suspicious and all too close of fist; that, in the phrase of Montaigne, "age wrinkled his heart more than his face." Let us never credit it. It is only another of those errors which spring from the pestiferous application of false analogies. When a man has kept a youthful heart in him for fifty years he will keep it forever. In any case I take my stand on the knowledge that "he lived happy ever afterward!" And, for confirmation, is it not well known that almost daily he took those grandchildren of his upon his knee — and was never without "something to romance about"? It was with him in the end just as he had seen it all in the beginning. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." And the working life of day does not more strongly enter into the vision life of night than does the schoolboy's dreaming form the realities of the grown man.

As to the Vice-Presidency

What the Office Really Amounts To

BY CHAMP CLARK

THE inane jabber about this man and that being too big for the Vice-Presidency is wearisome to those who remember that John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Aaron Burr, George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, John C. Calhoun, Martin Van Buren, John C. Breckinridge, Hannibal Hamlin and Thomas A. Hendricks did not feel it beneath their dignity to hold that high position, to say nothing of John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, Chester A. Arthur and Theodore Roosevelt, who, by accepting it, reached the Presidency. Other conspicuous men — notably Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Allan G. Thurman, George H. Pendleton and Whitelaw Reid — have been candidates for the Vice-Presidency only to be defeated.

Abraham Lincoln aspired to the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1856; but his ambition was not gratified.

Usually the Vice-Presidential nomination is given as a consolation prize to a defeated faction or is made for geographical reasons; but sometimes men of eminence use every endeavor to secure it, and are avowed candidates. This was the case in 1868, when Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, was nominated; also in 1872, when Henry Wilson defeated him; again in 1896, when Garret A. Hobart succeeded in obtaining second place.

It has always been asserted that the nomination was forced on Colonel Roosevelt at Philadelphia in 1900.

Thurlow Weed, who knew the politics and politicians of his time like a book, is authority for the statement that Daniel Webster twice threw away the Presidency — for which he panted as the hart panteth for the water brook — once in 1840 and again in 1848, by scornfully refusing Vice-Presidential nominations with General William Henry Harrison and General Zachary Taylor. It is said that a like mistake was made by General Benjamin F. Butler in 1864, by Roscoe Conkling in 1880, and by Thomas Brackett Reed in 1896. They were not actually nominated for the Vice-Presidency, but it is known that they would have been nominated if they had consented. Up to date, Silas Wright, of New York, is the only man in our history who ever rejected a Vice-Presidential nomination when actually made by a great party.

In the early days the succession to the Presidency was through the Vice-Presidency until Jefferson changed it to the Secretaryship of State by making his neighbor, friend and political pupil, James Madison, his successor, while Madison performed the same kindly office for his neighbor and friend, James Monroe.

John C. Calhoun endeavored to reëstablish the Vice-Presidential route to the White House but failed because of his quarrel with Andrew Jackson, which enabled Martin Van Buren to do what the great South Carolinian was prevented by the watchful soldier of the Hermitage from doing. But Martin was the last to accomplish that feat.

It follows, however, by no manner of means, that some capable, resolute, ambitious, popular Vice-President may not reach the highest station by traveling the road taken by the elder Adams, Jefferson and the sage of Kinderhook.

We have had twenty-nine Presidential elections. Assuming, what everybody hopes, that Colonel Roosevelt will fill out his present term, statistics show that the chances of a Vice-President becoming President by the death of his chief are five to twenty-nine — a chance not to be despised in the lottery of politics. Of course, waiting for a dead man's shoes—the principal function of a Vice-President—is not the most cheerful of occupations; but, then, only consider the prize!

Hamlet hath it, "Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year," but the melancholy prince had never heard of Presidents of the United States, and his dictum is not a limitation upon the duration of their reputations. In fact the recent erection in Denmark of a monument to Hamlet knocks his theory of the evanescence of fame sky-high on general principles. If a monument is built by sane men to a mere child of Shakespeare's brain three hundred years after he was created by that most fertile genius, how much longer may the name of any flesh and blood man who is President of this puissant Republic, even for the fragment of a term, survive? If the Republic continues to live—as God grant it may!—there will come a time when the Presidential list will be so long that none save one with most phenomenal memory will be able to give offhand the roster of our chief magistrates; but that day is in the far distant future. The date at which any of our Presidents will become "to dull forgetfulness a prey" concerns us no more than that at which the world's fuel supply will be exhausted.

It was considered an astounding evidence of Macaulay's unequaled memory that he could repeat correctly—backward as well as forward—the long list of the Popes; but the Papacy covers a period of nineteen centuries, while this is only the one hundred and twenty-eighth year of our independence. The chances are that for many generations to come even the briefest term in the White House will make any man a historic figure. Hence the insatiable desire of most statesmen to dwell therein

While twenty men have been elected to the Presidency, twenty-five have been chosen to the Vice-Presidency. The names of the Vice-Presidents, with the States they are from and the length of their service, are as follows:

John Adams, Massachusetts	8 years
Thomas Jefferson, Virginia	4 years
Aaron Burr, New York	4 years
George Clinton, New York	7 yrs., 1 mo., 16 d.
Elbridge Gerry, Massachusetts	1 yr., 7 mos., 19 d.
Daniel D. Tompkins, New York	8 years
John C. Calhoun, South Carolina	7 yrs., 9 mos., 24 d.
Martin Van Buren, New York	4 years
Richard M. Johnson, Kentucky	4 years
John Tyler, Virginia	1 month
George M. Dallas, Pennsylvania	4 years
Millard Fillmore, New York	1 yr., 4 mos., 5 d.
William R. King, Alabama	45 days
John C. Breckinridge, Kentucky	4 years
Hannibal Hamlin, Maine	4 years
Andrew Johnson, Tennessee	1 mo., 11 d.
Schuyler Colfax, Indiana	4 years
Henry Wilson, Massachusetts	2 yrs., 8 mos., 18 d.
William A. Wheeler, New York	4 years
Chester A. Arthur, New York	6 mos., 16 d.
Thomas A. Hendricks, Indiana	8 mos., 1 d.
Levi P. Morton, New York	4 years
Adlai E. Stevenson, Illinois	4 years
Garret A. Hobart, New Jersey	2 yrs., 8 mos., 17 d.
Theodore Roosevelt, New York	6 mos., 10 d.

The Likelihood of Reelection

OF THE twenty men who have been elected to the Presidency, nine—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland and McKinley—were reelected, while of the twenty-five elected to the Vice-Presidency only four—John Adams, George Clinton, Daniel D. Tompkins and John C. Calhoun—were reelected.

Five Presidents have died in office, three being assassinated, while six Vice-Presidents—Clinton, Gerry, King, Wilson, Hendricks and Hobart—died in office, all from natural causes.

No President has resigned, and only one Vice-President, John C. Calhoun, has thus distinguished himself—which he did not do until within two months and three days of the end of his second term, his successor having already been chosen.

Twice—once in 1801, again in 1825—the Electoral Colleges failing to elect—the House of Representatives selected a President. In 1877, Rutherford B. Hayes received the office at the hands of the Extra-Constitutional Electoral Commission

In 1837, the Electoral College not giving any Vice-Presidential candidate a majority, the Senate elected Colonel Richard Mentor Johnson, of Kentucky, commonly called "Old Dick," whose fame and popularity are bottomed mainly on the fact that he killed Tecumseh.

Of the Vice-Presidents, John Adams and Daniel D. Tompkins served longest—eight years each—John C. Calhoun coming next with seven years, nine months and twenty-four days. John Tyler served the shortest period—precisely one month—Andrew Johnson being a close second with forty-one days and William R. King third with forty-five days.

Though only two citizens of New York—Van Buren and Cleveland—have been elected to the Presidency, she has furnished nine Vice-Presidents: Burr, Clinton, Tompkins, Van Buren, Fillmore, Wheeler, Arthur, Morton and Roosevelt. Thus New York is as much entitled to the sobriquet Mother of Vice-Presidents as Virginia is to that of Mother of Presidents. As a matter of fact, as many New Yorkers as Virginians have reached the Presidency, for three of her Vice-Presidents—Fillmore, Arthur and Roosevelt—reached the Presidency through the death of their chiefs, while only one Virginian—Tyler—became President in that way.

It is a strange fact that though Ohio has furnished four Presidents, no Ohioan has been elected to the Vice-Presidency.

Elbridge Gerry was the oldest man ever inducted into the Vice-Presidency for the first time, being past sixty-nine, while John C. Breckinridge was the youngest, being only thirty-six.

William R. King was in feeble health when elected, and was sworn into office at Havana, Cuba, under a resolution passed by Congress authorizing the oath to be administered to him there.

How it happened that Vice-Presidents were made *ex-officio* Presidents of the Senate will forever remain a mystery. It would have been just as appropriate to make them commanders of the army, admirals or Cabinet ministers.

Benjamin Franklin proposed to confer upon the Vice-President the title of his Superfluous Highness.

So Near and Yet So Far

IT IS an interesting and suggestive fact that none of the first four Vice-Presidents—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur—who accidentally reached the Presidency was elected, or even nominated, to succeed himself, though all ardently desired so to do. From that a general rule has been deduced that nobody becoming President by accident will ever be *elected* to the dignities of his rank. At first blush that conclusion seems reasonable, but upon investigation it will not.

John Tyler, though elected Vice-President by the Whigs, really never was a Whig at all, but had a long and conspicuous career as a Democrat, having served as such with credit in both Houses of Congress and as Governor of his State. He was simply a disgruntled Democrat, and when he came unexpectedly into the Presidency his old Democratic principles asserted themselves, and the Whigs, under Henry Clay, the most imperious political leader this country has ever had, repudiated him utterly. He vetoed all of the political bills passed by the Whigs, and soon found himself without a party. Those who elected him would have none of him, and for some reason the Democrats did not take kindly to him. He secured from a self-constituted convention of his appointees a nomination for President in 1844, but his candidacy was such a ghastly performance that he soon withdrew and cast his influence for Polk and Dallas, the Democratic candidates. Though still in the prime of life he never reappeared in politics except as a member and president of the famous Peace Congress in 1861 and as a Representative in the Confederate Congress.

It has been and is the fashion to belittle John Tyler. In his life of Benton President Roosevelt wrote this blistering paragraph about him:

"He has been called a mediocre man; but this is unwarranted flattery. He was a politician of monumental littleness. Owing to the nicely-divided condition of parties, and to the sheer accident which threw him into a position of such prominence that it allowed him to hold the balance of power between them, he was enabled to turn politics completely topsy-turvy; but his chief mental and moral attributes were peevishness, fretful obstinacy, inconsistency, incapacity to make up his own mind, and the ability to quibble indefinitely over the most microscopic and hair-splitting plays upon words, together with an inordinate vanity that so blinded him to all outside feeling as to make him really think that he stood a chance to be renominated for the Presidency."

President Roosevelt is high authority on politics, politicians and statesmen—indeed, on many other subjects; but with all due respect for him, I submit that his criticism of Mr. Tyler is unjust, and in making it he took counsel of his prejudices rather than of his judgment. What makes it worse is that he expressed his caustic opinion in such graphic style that it is likely to be accepted as the verdict of history.

Tyler was not a small man, but was possessed of brains and strong will power. Hence the clash with Clay, with whom it was *aut Cæsar aut nullus*. Tyler was one of two Senators of the United States who, when the Legislature instructed him to vote in a way that he deemed wrong, and holding to the theory that the Legislature had a right to instruct him, had conscience enough to resign and go home. John Quincy Adams was the other. Nothing mediocre or small about that.

The Fighting Democrat of Tennessee

MILLARD FILLMORE made a most respectable President, but he did not belong to the Weed-Seward faction, which completely dominated Whig politics in New York, and which absolutely controlled Federal patronage under General Taylor's administration in their State; while Vice-President Fillmore did not have enough influence with the hero of Buena Vista to have a collector of customs appointed in his home city of Buffalo. Of course, Weed and Seward would not permit him to be nominated in 1852. Another thing that contributed to his defeat was that the Whigs had never been able to win with anybody except a successful soldier, consequently they set Fillmore aside and nominated the impossible General Winfield Scott, and went not only to defeat but to dissolution.

In 1856 Fillmore received a Presidential nomination from the American or Know-Nothing Convention, but he cut a small figure, carrying only the State of Maryland with eight electoral votes.

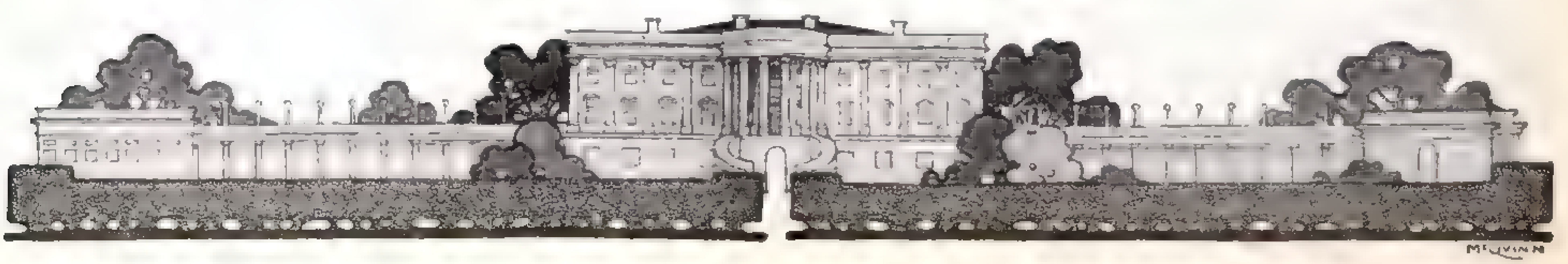
Andrew Johnson was a Democrat all his days, and never pretended to be anything else. Mr. Lincoln wanted a War Democrat for his running mate in 1864, and out of deference to his wishes the great Tennesseean was chosen. In fact the convention that nominated Lincoln and Johnson was called not as a Republican but as a Union Convention. Johnson was one of the most pugnacious and contentious men that ever lived. He soon quarreled with the Republican leaders—especially with his Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, whom he inherited from Mr. Lincoln along with his office—was impeached, and has been almost universally abused ever since. He was acquitted by the narrow margin of one vote. After his term in the White House ended he was elected to the United States Senate, but soon died. Of all our Presidents he gets the coldest deal in history.

Chester A. Arthur came into the Presidency under the most difficult and distressing circumstances imaginable. His party was split wide open. The Feather Heads that General Garfield belonged to, and whose chief was James Gillespie Blaine, were in deadly feud with The Stalwarts, with whom General Arthur trained, and whose head was Roscoe Conkling. As a matter of fact, the Vice-Presidential nomination was given to Arthur as a sop to his faction. The Blaine-Conkling feud so inflamed the crack-brained Guiteau that he murdered Garfield. Arthur surprised everybody, friend and foe alike, by rising equal to the great place into which he came accidentally and by making a conservative, excellent President, but he could not reconcile the warring factions, and was defeated for nomination by Blaine, who, in turn, was defeated at the polls.

Colonel Roosevelt seems destined to remove the hoodoo from Vice-Presidents who accidentally reach the Presidency—at least so far as securing the Presidential nomination is concerned. That will be merely a *pro forma* transaction. His coming into power was under most favorable surroundings. The country was prosperous; his party united, triumphant and aggressive. With the laudable ambition of being elected President, he has exhibited much more tact than he had been credited with, and though very much disposed to have his own way, he has created no schisms among Republicans. At first the veteran leaders looked askance at him, but gradually he has won them over, and one by one they have given in their adhesion until he has no organized opposition for the nomination.

It would appear to a looker-on-in-Vienna that the precedents do not apply to Colonel Roosevelt.

From the foregoing facts, as well as from others which might be easily cited, it is not unreasonable to conclude that there are only four citizens of the Republic—Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Chief Justice Fuller and Admiral Dewey—who could refuse the Vice-Presidency on rational grounds.



The Singular Miss Smith

By Florence Morse Kingsley

CHAPTER X

WHEN a young woman deliberately turns her back on what she clearly recognizes as the right and proper course of action, in order that she may see what will happen next, it is hard to predict her future.

At this critical juncture in Annie Smith's career, Fate, in the person of Miss Kimbark, took a hand.

Contrary to her custom, that lady was sulkily silent at the breakfast-table. She paid no heed to the folded newspaper at her elbow, but stole an occasional curious glance toward the person who sat at the end of the table, silently consuming a breakfast of fried eggs, corn bread and coffee

He was a tall, powerful man, and the observant Miss Kimbark noted further that his complexion was freckled, his hair and beard reddish and abundant, his teeth white and even, and his eyes hidden behind disfiguring spectacles of a bluish tint

"Humph!" muttered Miss Kimbark, as she stirred her coffee thoughtfully. After breakfast the young woman sought and obtained a brief interview with Mrs. Buckle.

"My, but you are a 'ummer!" observed Mrs. Buckle admiringly, when Miss Kimbark had put a few searching questions. "'E's been 'ere more 'an a week now, 'e 'as; an' they ain't one of you girls so much as looked at 'im before. But 'e's a real gent'man, that 'e is, even if 'e don't 'andsome much. 'E's workin' in the foundry."

"Foreman?" inquired Miss Kimbark.

"No, I guess 'e ain't," said Mrs. Buckle, shaking her head regretfully. "'Is name's Wileyum Brown. I always liked the name of Wileyum 'count of Buckle. Now, don't you go to fascinatin' of 'im, an' break 'is 'eart the way you done with Joey."

Miss Kimbark tossed her head. "I guess Joey ain't the only pebble on the beach," she murmured languidly.

That evening when Mr. William Brown entered the dining-room Miss Kimbark was discovered languishing in the one extra chair that the room afforded. The foundryman stumbled awkwardly over the lady's voluminous draperies in a vain attempt to reach his place, then drew back looking startled and discomfited.

"Law, never you mind a misstep, Mr. Brown," exclaimed Mrs. Buckle genially, who chanced to dart into the room at that very minute. "Stella, she's awful good-natured; ain't you Stella? But I dunno as I've thought to interduce you two. Mr. Wileyum Brown le' me make you 'quainted with Miss Stella Kimbark. Miss Stella Kimbark — Mr. Wileyum Brown. There now, you c'n settle it 'twixt yourselves."

Miss Kimbark acknowledged the introduction with a sweeping bow which produced a jingling sound among the decorations of her person. "I'm glad t' make yer 'quaintance, Mr. Brown, I'm sure," she said in her genteelest manner.

Mr. Brown stared at Miss Kimbark for an instant, then muttering something unintelligible again attempted to gain his place.

The lady prevented this with practiced ease.

"Why are you in such a hurry to eat, Mr. Brown?" she inquired coquettishly. "*She* ain't brought in the hash yet." The slight accent on the pronoun and the meaning smile which accompanied it seemed quite lost on the man. After a pause Miss Kimbark added in a low tone, "Say, I seen what you done to Joey las' night, an' I liked to ha' died laughing My, wa'n't he s'prised, though!"

"Insolent puppy!" growled Mr. Brown, coloring shamefacedly.

"No, he ain't," giggled Miss Kimbark, "he's a nice boy, Joey is, only he don't know his mind. *She* is a queer one, though; I can't make her out worth a cent. Think of her now a-writin' down in a book a lot of stuff 'bout me. Like 'nough she'll put you in next."

Mr. Brown seemed suddenly interested. "Who is *she?*" he asked, folding his big hands on the back of the chair nearest him. Miss Kimbark's eyes followed the movement absent-mindedly; then she burst into a shrill laugh. "My! if that ain't 'nough to kill corn!" she exclaimed with piquant irrelevance. In a lower tone she added, "I'll show you her book some day if you'd like to see it; I know how to get a holt of it. Hush, here she comes now."

Annie Smith entered bearing two covered dishes, and Miss Kimbark dismissed Mr. Brown with a practiced wave of the hand; then sinking haughtily into her place she beckoned the menial to approach. "That's him as knocked Joey out last night," she whispered loudly. "His name's Brown; he's a foundryman, an' a real gent'man."

Annie Smith crimsoned indignantly; but her eyes turned upon the big man at the end of the table. He was quietly occupied with a cup of tea which Mrs. Buckle had just handed him, and apparently heard nothing

Mistress and maid were washing dishes in the foggy kitchen that night when the excellent Mrs. Buckle took it upon herself to administer some wholesome counsel to the young person whom she considered under her charge.

"I don't want for to be nosey," she began, with an illustrative sniff, "but I've been kind of wonderin' 'bout you, Annie, ever since you come 'ere. You ain't no common workin' girl; I see that right off. Is your pa a-livin'?"

"No," answered Annie, "he died when I was fourteen."

"An' your ma?"

"She died when I was born."

"Who brung you up?"

"A distant relative of my mother's."

"The' wa'n't no love lost there, I c'n see that," observed Mrs. Buckle sagaciously. "Well, she fetched you up like a lady, any'ow. Not that I think she'd ought to 'ave done that. She'd ought to 'ave learned you how to work an' take care of yourself. You're willin' and useful 'nough, but you ain't, so to say, got *sprawl*. The' ain't nothin' like sprawl to git folks ahead in the world. That was the endurin' trouble with Buckle. 'E couldn't git nowhere with 'is work; if the' was anybody laid off it was sure to be 'im. 'E used to say I ain't made for luck, Car'line, so what's the use of tryin'. If anybody gits *that* idee fixed in their minds they won't never be worth shucks to nobody."

"I guess that's what's the matter with me," said Annie meekly. "What would you do if you were in my place?" she added, with unfeigned interest.

Mrs. Buckle had fallen upon the knives and was scouring them with an energy that approached a fine frenzy. "You've got to git some sprawl first off," she enunciated briefly. "Think y'r somebody, an' c'n do things, an' ye kin do 'em. I foun' that out in less 'n a year after I'd married Buckle; I hed to. An' another thing I foun' out was that folks don't think no more o' you than you think o' yourself. If you go 'round kind of meachin'-like, sayin', 'I ain't much of a cook, an' I can't do no washin', and so I'm willin' to work for most anythin' you'll give me,' why you c'n go on that-a-way till kingdom come, an' don't you forgit it. But if you perk up an' say I'm such awful good help that I c'n make my twenty dollars a month, you gits it quick."

"But suppose a girl didn't care much about wages, but just wanted to be pretty and — and have people like her, and ——"

Mrs. Buckle laughed so heartily that her artificial teeth became temporarily loosened in her mouth; she restored them to place with a strenuous click. "You'd ought to 've wanted all that ten years ago!" she ejaculated briskly. "But land, it ain't never too late to mend! Nex' time Stella Kimbark tosses 'er 'ead so 'igh and mighty at you, jest you say to yourself, 'I'm 'andsome myself, that I am.' The gents I've come acrost are all pretty much like. If you git right down to it you'll see 'at they allers take the womenfolks at their own price tickets. If you mark yourself a damidged article, to be sold cheap, you won't be run after by gents as is lookin' fer a-number-one goods."

Of a Sunday the excellent Mrs. Buckle conducted her establishment after the manner of a good churchwoman, which she was. "Prayers never 'urt anybody as I knowed of, an' there ain't no tellin' what good they may do fer a body, if done reg'lar," she was wont to remark piously. "I 'inders nobody an' nobody 'inders me when it comes to church-goin'."

It came to pass therefore that Annie Smith, having elected to attend vespers one Sunday afternoon, found to her dismay that Mr. Joey Larkins occupied the pew directly in front of her. The sinful desire to see what would happen next thus led quite inevitably to a second interview between the young woman and Mr. Larkins directly after service, in the process of which Miss Smith succeeded in convincing her youthful admirer that she could never become Mrs. Larkins.

"I'll bet I c'd make you good an' sorry," remarked the young man gloomily. "Suppose I sh'd write down on a piece of paper that you won't have me, an' then go an' take pison — Paris-green, or somethin' suddint. How'd you like that? They'd find the paper pinned to my cold corpse."

"I shouldn't like it," returned Annie promptly. "Because I like you, Joey, and I am more grateful to you than you can understand; you are the only man who ever said that he loved me."

Mr. Larkins' blue eyes sparkled. "I'll bet a dollar I know a good thing when I see it, all right — all right!" he said vaingloriously. "What's the matter with havin' me, then?"

"I've explained all that, you know," said Annie; "but remember I'm going to be a good friend of yours. Now you must say good-by and leave me, for I wish to walk quite alone for an hour before I go back."

Joey Larkins obeyed without further protest. Within the hour he was led by a vagary of kindly fortune to interview Miss Kimbark.

"Seemed like I was back in the fourth grade," he said "and she was the teacher; I didn't das to say no more."

At which Miss Kimbark stifled a singular sigh. "She ain't off our stripe, Joey," she said soberly. "But I'm blamed if I don't kinder like her, after all."

CHAPTER XI

STELLA KIMBARK informed me to-day that she had a place in view for me. "A reg'lar cinch, too," she added, "if you only had a nickel's worth of sprawl."

"What is sprawl?" I asked

"Sprawl," explained Miss Kimbark sarcastically, "means what you an' most other folks ain't got. It means reg'lar git-up an'-go, if that suits you better; an' what's more, it means the knowin' how an' when to git up an' go."

"How would 'grasp' do?" I inquired.

"You think you're awful smart, don't you?" sneered Miss Kimbark

"No, I don't," I said honestly; "I wish I did think so; Mrs. Buckle says that is what ails me, that if I only thought I was smart I should be. Do you believe that?"

Miss Kimbark rattled her spangles impatiently. "How should I know what *you'd* be," she exclaimed with fine scorn. "All I know is you're an awful fool to stay here drudgin' for Ma Buckle, when you might be earnin' your sixteen a month. You c'n stay if you want to, though, for all of me," she added graciously.

The simplicity of the masculine idea on this particular shelf amazes me. It seems that Mr. Larkin, returning from church in a downcast and gloomy frame of mind not induced by the service, encountered Miss Kimbark on the steps of the boarding house. Mrs. Buckle reported the crisis as following:

"'E made as tho' 'e was goin' to push right past 'er into th' 'ouse; but she ups an' says somethin' to 'im, with one o' them smiles of 'ern — an' you can't deny that Stella's 'andsome. Joey, 'e kind of grinned, then off they starts for a stroll. When they come back I c'd see they'd made it up."

That same afternoon I had a queer adventure of my own. After bidding Mr. Larkins a final good-by I started off at a brisk pace, half inclined to bring up in the dull and distant part of the city where Aunt Nugent is probably engaged at this moment with Doctor Pilkington's Sabbath Reflections. I hadn't gone far, however, when it began to rain. I had no umbrella and hesitated between calling a cab and going back into the church porch for shelter. I finally decided upon the latter course, chiefly because some curious interior sense persists in telling me that when I go back to my proper shelf this time I must stay there.

I was congratulating myself upon my snug shelter from the downpour when I saw that I was not alone. At first I did not recognize the tall man who stood in the shadow leaning upon his stick. Then I saw that it was the big foundryman who has lately come to Mrs. Buckle's to board. He surveyed me through his blue glasses for a minute, then said suddenly: "I've been wondering whether I made a stupid blunder in interfering with your — your love-making the other night. I was just coming home from work and I fancied the fellow was annoying you; but perhaps that is where I was mistaken."

His voice is an unusual one for a workingman, deep and musical, yet not loud. I wonder if that's the result of days passed amid the clang of iron and steel One would not naturally suppose so. I said primly that I was much obliged to him for interfering. Then grew uncomfortably warm as I remembered that I was actually discussing my one love affair with a strange man.

"Joey Larkins is a very nice person," I added defiantly.

"Then you do think I was impertinent?"

"I — I don't think anything about you," I said, thoroughly put out with myself and him. "Why should I?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed the foundryman pleasantly He seemed very much amused at my display of temper. I could see his eyes twinkling behind his ugly blue glasses. "The young woman with all those rattling chains about her neck, Miss — ah, well, never mind her name — told me something very interesting about you the other day."

"What did she tell you?" I asked absent-mindedly. I was wondering how soon I could escape from this big, impertinent workman.

"She told me that you write down in a book what you think about people. Please tell me why you thought of doing such a thing? And when did you begin it? I am doing something of the sort myself, and I find it very interesting."

"You do!" I exclaimed. "And what do you say about people?

He smiled "If you will answer my question I will answer yours."

"I used to like to write things when I was in school," I answered truthfully enough. "After I got out of school I kept on. It amuses me."

"That's exactly the case with me," he said coolly. "Odd, isn't it?"

I was thinking it very singular indeed. Are all foundrymen like "Wileyum" Brown, I wonder? Of course our public schools turn out a very remarkable class of working people. I never realized this so fully before. I wish I had gone to the public school. It struck me that this was really an excellent opportunity to improve my knowledge of the laboring classes. Perhaps the foundryman was thinking the same thing. I dare say he reads the papers — for when I looked up with a question of more or less inanity on the tip of my tongue I found him gazing at me speculatively. I can't imagine why I should have laughed aloud at this; but I did, and after a pause "Wileyum" Brown joined in. Very few men laugh well. But the foundryman neither chuckled nor howled. He laughed, pleasantly and spontaneously. Then we both looked away feeling rather foolish — at least I did. "I must be going," I said hastily.

"No, don't," said the foundryman; "it's raining harder than ever. Besides, I want to know what you are going to put down in your book about me."

"I shall put down nothing about you," I said untruthfully. At that moment a brougham rolled slowly down the street. I recognized the portly figure within as my Ontological friend, Mrs. Van Deuser. She would scarcely have distinguished one of the submerged atoms of the masses, I know. Yet I drew back a little farther into the shadow.

The foundryman glanced at the vehicle with a frown. "Why should that woman ride in her carriage," he demanded roughly, "while you and I walk?"

"Because she has the carriage, I dare say," I answered. "I'm sure I don't want to ride in her carriage; do you?"

"No, I do not," he said positively. "But here are you, a young, delicate girl, obliged to spend your life toiling in a kitchen, while the woman yonder probably does nothing at all. There's no justice in that."

"I'm neither young nor delicate," I said shortly; "and it must be the most tiresome thing in the world to do nothing."

"That's true enough," he answered argumentatively. "But did you never think how unequal things are in this world? And does it never occur to you to question your place in it? Do you, for example, like being a kitchen girl?"

I smothered a laugh behind my handkerchief. "I like it, I dare say, quite as well as you like being a foundryman."

He seemed somewhat taken aback by my reply, for he frowned and pulled savagely at his beard. Finally he shook his head. "But I *don't* like being a foundryman," he said decidedly. "The work's terribly hard and the pay small. The man who reaps the chief profits of the concern seldom comes near it. I have seen him once in a month's time, cool, smiling and well dressed. I am no more to him than a greasy cog in the machinery. Do you call that just?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "The cog has to be there, hasn't it? And why not you as well as another."

"Because I am a man and not a cog," he said, breathing deep. Then with a slight gesture of farewell he strode out into the rain and walked away.

Now I consider all this extremely interesting. I suppose the foundryman represents his class very fairly. But he is a foundryman because he ought to be one. He couldn't possibly be anything else if he tried. Everybody must gravitate to his own place as surely as the planets swing about the sun. Of this much I am convinced.

. . . . .

Wileyum Brown hasn't so much as looked at me for two days until to-night, and then he was obliged to do so. If I were as unprincipled as Stella Kimbark I could have satisfied my curiosity to a degree this morning, for the big foundryman dropped a brown-covered notebook from his pocket. I found it on the floor when I tidied up the dining-room. It was filled with close, crabbedly-written pages, this much I saw. Of course I didn't read any of it. When I returned it I was sorry for a minute that I had not, for he pocketed it with a brief "thank you" and fell to eating his supper with his usual appetite.

There was no one else in the room, for he was late. Presently he said coolly, "What did you think about it?"

"Think about what?" I asked.

He tapped his pocket. "I knew you would find it."

"Did you expect me to read it?"

"Why, certainly — after our conversation the other day."

"I didn't read it," I said decidedly.

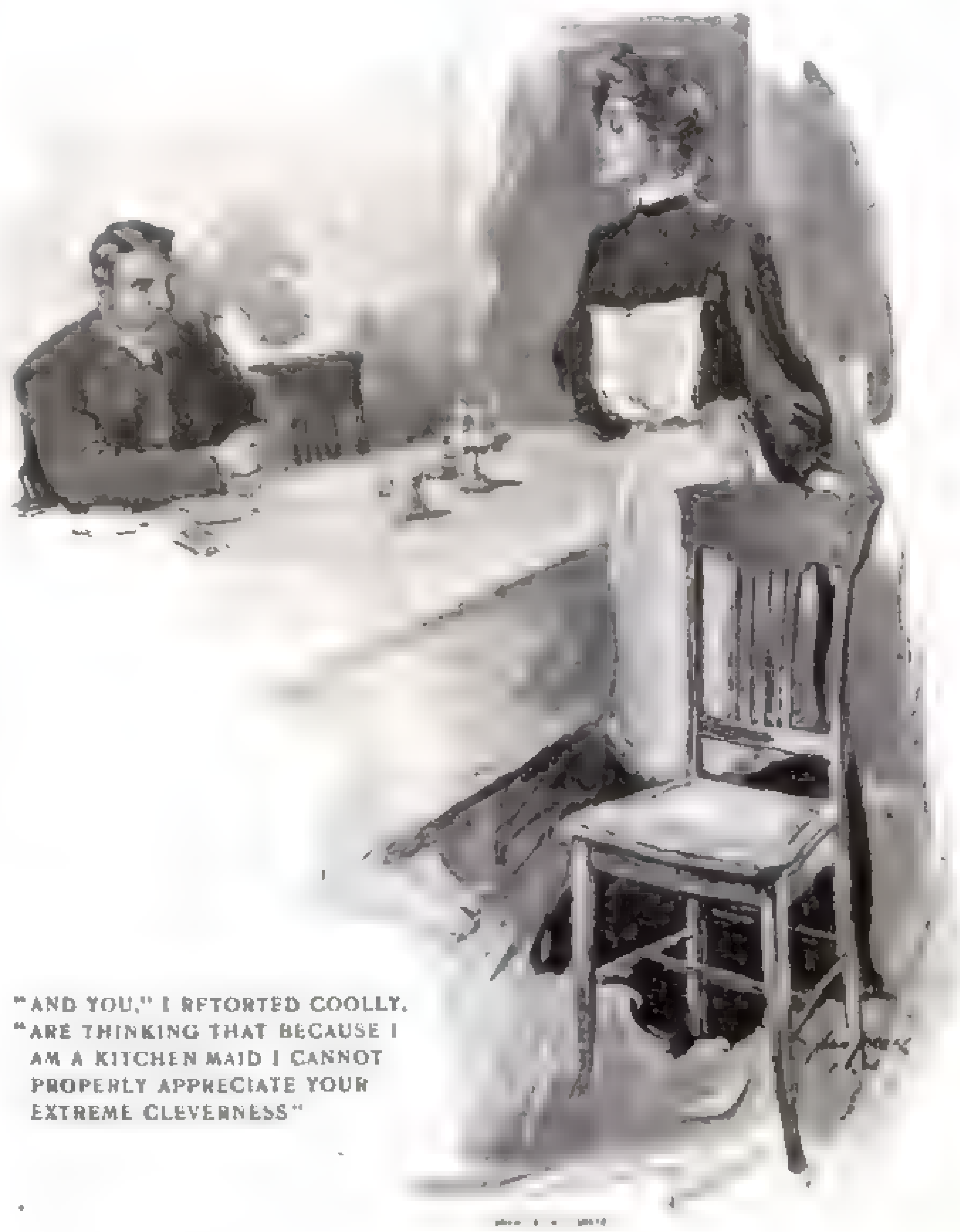
"Why not?"

"I was too busy. Besides, I didn't care to."

He pulled off his blue spectacles absent-mindedly. "I'm glad you did not, on the whole," he said, eying me thoughtfully. "Women seldom think much as a rule, and it is probably quite as well that they do not, especially ——"

I waited patiently to hear the conclusion of this well-worn masculine opinion, but it was not forthcoming. "Did you suppose," I asked pleasantly, "that anything you have written in that book could possibly make me think?"

"You are laughing at me," he said with an air of surprise, "you are thinking that I must be too stupid to write a notebook because I am a foundryman."



"AND YOU," I RETORTED COOLLY, "ARE THINKING THAT BECAUSE I AM A KITCHEN MAID I CANNOT PROPERLY APPRECIATE YOUR EXTREME CLEVERNESS"

"And you," I retorted coolly, "are thinking that because I am a kitchen-maid I cannot properly appreciate your extreme cleverness."

"You are," he observed after a long pause, "a very odd sort of a person. Will you kindly give me a glass of water?"

"Don't you think it is queer that Mr. Brown reads so many books?" I asked Mrs. Buckle, in the murky kitchen.

"Land no!" she answered, "a single man like 'im is bound to take to somethin'. Some takes to drink an' some takes to books, as you may say. I 'ad one young man as took to photographin', an' that's worse 'an either as fur as money goes. 'E couldn' pay 'is board after a while, 'e couldn't, an' I 'ad to fire 'im."

CHAPTER XII

THE foundryman informed me to-day that he had two tickets for a concert in a mechanic's course, and would I go with him. Singularly enough, Miss Kimbark's giggle in the passage decided me.

"I will go," I said promptly, then swallowed difficult misgivings all day as to the propriety of my course.

"I wanted to talk with you, and there is no chance at Mrs. Buckle's," began Mr. Brown with simplicity, as we walked away down the street.

"I should like," he went on rapidly, "to really know you — not in the way a workman like myself is apt to know a woman. You seem to me quite unlike the girls I have met before, and why should we not be friendly enough to talk over some of the things in which we are both interested? Like two men, say. I don't intend to marry."

I was furiously angry for the moment, though I am sure I can't think why, now that I've had time to consider. "You take too much for granted," I said coldly.

"What do I take for granted that I ought not?" he demanded.

"Is it too much for me to have judged you a woman who can talk upon social questions with a man without any nonsense about love and marriage? I tell you these questions have got to be talked over, between men and women, too, who have cool heads and keen eyes. You have both. I know it."

"Well, and what of it?" I asked. "Suppose for the sake of argument I have acquired the most valuable collection of views on all sorts of questions, what good would it do the world for me to discuss them with you?"

"You don't understand," he said eagerly; "you are capable of seeing and thinking as few women of our class are, and it's of the greatest importance that you think and see right."

"That may be," I said, "but I don't see how you are going to direct my thoughts. And how can you be sure that you are right, anyway?"

"I *am* right," he said doggedly. "I must be right, and I will prove it. But I don't want to direct your thoughts, girl — Heavens, no! I want to see them just as they are."

"It must be pleasant to be so sure of what you want," I said. "I wish I could be."

"You've got to be sure of what you want or you'll never get anything," he said positively. After a pause he blurted out: "Tell me about yourself, will you, Anne? Begin at the beginning. I want to know why you're where you are in the world. I should have expected to find you somewhere else."

"If I had been somewhere else," I replied, "you would not have found me."

He pulled off his glasses and stared at me. "That's true," he said. "Go on."

"With what?"

"With your history, of course. How did you, an educated girl, come to be working in a fifth rate boarding house kitchen?"

"Who said I was educated? I wash my dishes clean, and I do not always murder the English language. I went to school once and learned a number of things, and I've since forgotten every one of them. Do you call that being educated?"

"Decidedly — as I understand education. So few do wash their dishes clean, you know. And most people only remember to be stupid." He had forgotten to put on the blue glasses again, and his gray eyes beamed upon me humorously. "You went to school. Very good," he went on, with a touch of impatience. "What then? Did you at once go out to service?"

"Not immediately," I replied, conscious of enjoying the situation with an absurd relish. "I tried being a lady."

"Ah!" he exclaimed with strong disapproval, "you were idle; I shouldn't have thought it of you."

"I was idle," I said. "I didn't earn my salt for five years."

He shook his head. "No one has a right to be idle."

"How about people who are born rich?" I asked enviously. "*They* never work and they have everything."

He scowled. "It is impossible for any one to escape the law of give and take," he said; "and because the so-called rich try to do it the world's in confusion."

"You hate rich people, don't you?" I asked naively.

"No," he said gravely, "but I am sorry for them. As a class they are as completely cut off from all that makes life worth living as the very poor."

"Why do you say that?" I asked. "Rich people are just like everybody else, only they can do exactly as they choose, which the poor can't. It is splendid to be rich — if one gets rich out of one's self."

"What made you say 'if one gets rich out of one's self'?" he asked. "That's a deep saying. I am wondering if you understand what you have said."

"I — lived with a rich lady once," I said slowly. "She wasn't happy. Her father had left her a huge fortune. I used to wonder about her — sometimes."

"The man was a fool to leave her the money," he said tersely. "A well-intentioned fool — but not the less fool for that. *One cannot inherit money.* Money is the outgrowth of self, like the shell of a sea-creature. The woman you speak of couldn't inhabit her father's cast-off shell. It didn't fit."

"I guess that was it," I murmured indistinctly.

. . . . .

I must grow my own shell. I *must* — I *must!*

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Some people are proud of their lack of pride.

¶ If at first you don't succeed don't count the first time.

¶ It is a good breakfast food that will cause early rising.

¶ He who takes his own time generally takes other people's, too.

¶ Ignorance may sometimes bring bliss, but it more often brings blisters.

¶ We are told that we have ascended from the ape; but some of us are using round-trip tickets.

¶ Time is not an element of success; it is space for earning it. Some men wouldn't earn success if they had eternity for their office hours.

Public Property for Private Use

THE last clause of Article V of the Amendments to the Constitution reads:

"Nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

And a mighty useful clause it has been for upholding justice against demagoguery and thoughtless impetuosity that would have corrected an abuse by a crime. Suppose that clause had been so written that it read:

"Nor shall private property be taken for public use *or public property for private use* without just compensation."

How it would have stopped the impudence of grabbers of franchises and other public properties, and the rascality of legislators! How much injustice and exasperation it would have prevented!

The Managing of Men

SECRETARY MOODY, of the Navy Department, recently told the graduates of the Naval Academy at Annapolis that their success in life depended less upon their technical knowledge than upon their power of managing men. The power of managing men is the primary element in successful administration.

Successful administration is, in turn, a primary element in the progress of the world.

The science and the art of managing men depend upon, first: appreciation of the thought and feeling of the men whom it is desired to manage. This element embodies the quality of putting one's self in the other man's place. Understanding of the condition of the one whom it is desired to influence is to be secured. When this altruistic point of view is gained the administrator who seeks to manage men is to understand his own position and condition. He is to know the strong points and the weak of his own case. Having this understanding he should be able so to adjust these points to each other as to present them in a persuasive way. He is so to present the truth that it shall result in persuasion.

Besides the power of appreciation of his own and of his opponent's position, the man seeking to manage men is to exercise two special qualities: pleasantness and patience. The man who is to persuade other men is not to get mad. He is to remind himself of the old remark of the relative catching quality of molasses and vinegar. Morley, in his life of Gladstone, writes of a member of a Cabinet who had the virtue of being pleasant. This virtue is to belong to the modern executive. But, in addition to pleasantness, he is to have the power of waiting. He should not seek to secure results in undue haste. He is to be willing to adopt manifold means for securing his end, and he must be willing to take proper time for the use of these means. Gentle and constant pressure will bring forth, in his patience, the result desired, when the lightning of a sudden impulse might destroy his cause.

Soldier and Sailor, Too

CHARLES O'NEIL, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, has just been retired, and with him goes from our naval service the last of the self-made men of high rank. It is a pity. There should be no places in the service of the Republic to which the man of merit cannot rise through his merit. That there are such places is for us an anachronism and a reproach.

We cast over pretty much everything monarchical when we freed ourselves from England; but the silly and even perilous monarchical tradition of class distinction persisted in army and navy, and got a strong and apparently lasting hold in our long periods of comparative peace. The distinctions between soldier or sailor and officer, beyond those slight distinctions necessary to discipline, are repulsive to our institutions. They are kept alive partly by snobbery, partly by that reverence for tradition which is particularly strong and particularly stupid in the military and naval professions. Whenever we do go to war we have to spend a good deal of precious time in upsetting that tradition and getting the best men to the fore.

What an outcry the democratization of the army and navy would cause. But what a blessing it would ultimately be!

A Sure Way to "Get Rich Quick"

THERE is no disputing the fact that in America, at least, the men are coming to have a terror of baldness fully equal to the similar terror in the women. It is not difficult to understand this phenomenon in the women, even in the married ones with the husband problem comfortably settled. But how explain it in the men?

The women never did love them for their umbrageous locks, or, indeed, for any other quality of beauty which men recognize in each other; and though there are instances of men having failed or succeeded in life according as they were beardless or endowed with patriarchal face-draperies, where is there an instance of a man having lost numbers in the line of promotion in any business or profession through loss of hair on the head?

Can it be that this growing hatred of baldness is the result of a growing fondness for the pleasures of youth and a growing distrust of the substantiality of the pleasures of old age, whereof sad-faced old men have discoursed so lengthily? Let us hope not. But — what a fortune awaits the discoverer of a sure-enough hair-retainer!

A Slam at Higher Education

A PROFESSOR with time, apparently, heavy on his hands has discovered that of the persons named in two cyclopedias of American biography about fifty-seven per cent. are college products and about forty-three per cent. are not. He says that this proves how advantageous a college education is.

If the professor wishes another similar task, of precisely equal value, let him count up the names under the various letters in those rolls of "success." We shall then know with what letter a man's name ought to begin in order that he may have the best chances of "success" in America. The professor's toil discredits rather than aids the cause he sought to serve; for in view of the fact that most college graduates remain obscure, the discovery that so many as forty-three per cent. of the men who get the kind of success biographical encyclopedias take note of are not college men is a savage slam at formal higher education.

A War of Great Powers

SOME people who wish well to Japan in the present war think that her case is hopeless because the odds are so overpowering. They draw a parallel between this contest and that in South Africa, where the Boers, after holding up the British Empire for two years, were finally swamped by numbers.

It seems not to be fully realized that Japan is not a petty state like the Transvaal — whose entire number of burgher inhabitants was less than the population of Omaha — but in every sense a Great Power. It has more people and more territory than the United Kingdom, and there are no deductions to be made for a hostile Ireland in its flank. Nobody imagines that England would be hopelessly overmatched by Russia; yet in many respects the Japanese are in a better position to maintain a Russian war than the British are. They have more trained soldiers than the British have, their army organization is infinitely superior, and their navy appears to be quite as good in proportion to its size. England is near the bulk of Russia's population — Japan is five thousand miles away. There are more than forty-five million Japanese, all living in the war zone, and not over three million Russians within three thousand miles. The Japanese on the spot outnumber the Russians by at least fifteen to one.

Of the seven Great Powers of the Old World Japan comes just in the middle in population. She has fewer inhabitants than Russia, Germany or Austria, and more than Great Britain, France or Italy. Austria's margin of superiority over her in population is very slight, and is far more than balanced by Japan's great advantage in homogeneity and national spirit.

Japan has more than nine million men of military age, which is more than any general can handle or any commissary department feed in the field — that is to say, she has more men than she can possibly use for fighting purposes, just as Russia has. The difference in the total population of the two countries cuts practically no figure at all. The result will depend upon comparative efficiency in disposing of resources which on both sides are substantially inexhaustible.

In this respect all the advantage seems now to be with Japan.

A Good Secret to Know

A MAN went to a nose and throat specialist the other day to have his cold cured. As he was paying a not small sum for the first treatment he said: "How long does it take you to cure a cold?"

"Three weeks," said the specialist.

"And how long would it take me to get well if I didn't come to you?" asked the alarmed patient.

"Twenty-one days," said the specialist.

And it wasn't until the patient was half-way home that he suddenly stopped and wondered whether he ought to laugh or get angry. He finally decided that perhaps the secret he had learned was worth the price he had paid for it. It's a good secret to know.

The "Little Brown Men"

WE ARE often reading and hearing nowadays the phrase "the little brown men." It comes almost in a tone of top-lofty, patronizing approval — the tone the man who feels that women are the mental inferiors of men uses in addressing a good-looking woman who has what would in a man be intelligence.

It comes from men of no great stature full as glibly and condescendingly as from the men who are as much as seventy-two whole inches above the dirt. It comes from men of all complexions — the jaundice colored, the blue-gray and the gray-green and the mottled brown and blue.

Why "little"? And why "brown"? Why not just plain "men"? Above all, why the patronizing tone toward a people who had become proficient in the arts of civilization and had attained a courtesy and kindliness in their inter-relations which we are still struggling toward when our ancestors were shinning unclad up the primeval trees to escape from their stronger fellow wild beasts of a little lower order?

The patronizing tone is always rash. Used toward the Japanese it is ridiculous.

The Weaknesses of Strong Men

THOSE who are seeking through study of superior men to make themselves at least less inferior are often puzzled and baffled by the discovery of characteristics that seem absolutely incompatible with greatness. There is hardly a great man whose life is at all accurately known in whom there was not a weakness that would destroy an ordinary man — sometimes mental weakness, as utter lack of judgment; sometimes moral weakness; again, physical weakness.

But is there on record a single case of a great man who had not through his character a certain toughness of fibre which made him free from the common weaknesses of whining and rushing about for refuge at the first black lift of adversity? Is not that fundamental sense of insecurity, of inability to stand alone, the great enemy we all have to fight? Is it not the enemy that drives some to the false courage of drink, others to slink and crawl along the byways of indirection and crime, many, many others to resign the guidance of their destinies to some master or masters with hardly an effort to think or do for themselves?

WHEN CULTURE COMES IN AT THE DOOR—

By Harrison Rhodes

I

"OF COURSE, I know I'm not worthy of you," began Mr. Ellersley Fair. The remark was not original, but in the direction of originality Ellersley had no aspirations. Upon his handsome face was a look of great contentment. There was no reason in the world, as he understood it, why you should expect to be worthy of the girl you were in love with. If the girl liked you it wouldn't matter. If she didn't it would matter still less. Ellersley confessed to what he supposed was an obvious fact, but he was in no way distressed by it. For his unworthiness was only in the matter of that odd thing called cleverness, which some people managed to have, and which Miss Marion Knighting possessed in so remarkable a degree. She was indeed constantly reading books, so Ellersley supposed

Miss Knighting paused before answering. She knew well enough what tenderly womanly words would best suit the occasion. Perhaps she ought to have been satisfied to speak them. She was fond of Ellersley: she had let him see that. He was young, he was handsome, and he was rich. Miss Knighting was herself all of these things; still, even for her, Mr. Fair was a good match. And though Marion, for a girl whose family had only within a few years come to New York from the West, had an excellent position in society, she could not be indifferent to Ellersley's much advertised place near the very beating heart of the one hundred and fifty. More than that, a certain Ethel Allerton, a girl with the brain of a linnet and no more, had wanted him for herself. Altogether, there was much to give Miss Knighting pleasure in the situation. A conflict took place in her breast, yet, somehow, the truth would out.

"No, you're not worthy of me; that's the worst of it."

It was a relief to say it. Though she was strongly drawn to her admirer, she put it to herself: Was a polo-player, however prominent in the ranks of New York society, worthy of a girl who was a graduate of Bryn Mawr, belonged to three literary clubs, and was sure she possessed a soul? Even if she could bring herself to be contented with a husband devoid of aspirations toward culture, would she be able to face the comments which would be made upon such an intellectual *mésalliance?* Her friends had always held up to her an exalted matrimonial standard, there had even been moments when she had felt it might be necessary to go to Boston for a husband

"I know," said Ellersley, continuing the conversation, "I'm not clever and you are. You know everything and read everything. You write things, too, don't you?"

"Yes," confessed Miss Knighting modestly but vaguely. She thought of the lower drawer of her writing-desk, filled with manuscripts which had been rejected by some of the best magazines in America, and decided that it was unnecessary to be specific.

"Yes, I write a little," she said

"So Charley Woodford told me," said Ellersley. "But I said that wouldn't make any difference to me. At least," he hastily added, feeling somehow that his remark was not a success, "I hoped it wouldn't. That's what I meant, of course. You could write as much as you liked. I shouldn't mind in the least."

"I don't think you quite understand," came a little coldly from Miss Knighting. "Of course, I should be able, whatever happened, to continue my intellectual pursuits. The difficulty is that you have no intellectual pursuits."

"I know I haven't; that's why I said I was unworthy of you," responded Ellersley cheerily. He still failed to perceive that unworthiness was a real barrier. Miss Knighting was forced to rebuff a demonstration of affection at this point and to explain with great definiteness just how her friends, at least the intellectual set, would regard her marrying him. Ultimately she succeeded in producing a depression in his spirits.

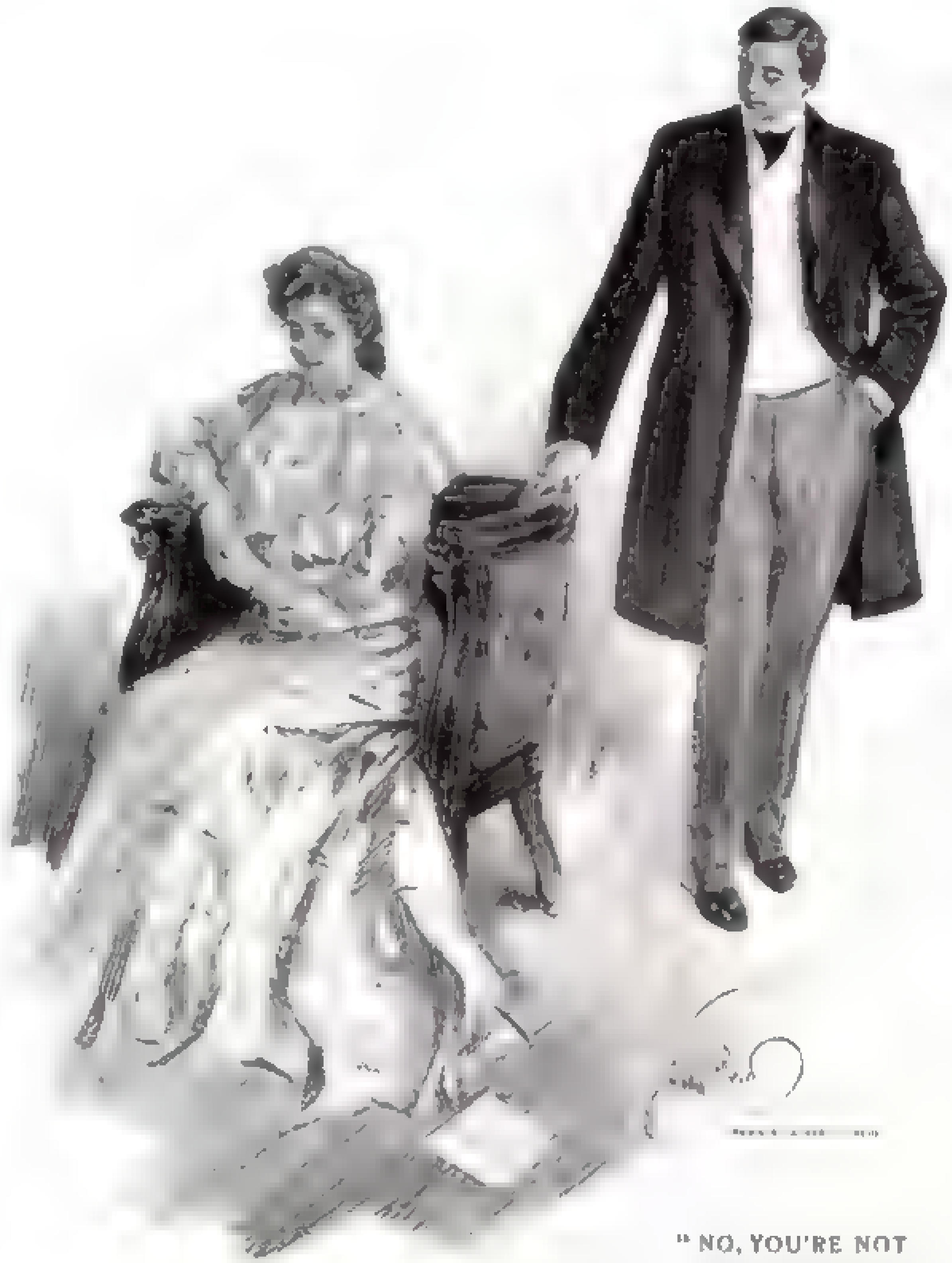
"What do you want me to do? Write things for the magazines?" he asked in gloom

"That isn't the only way of having intellectual pursuits," replied Miss Knighting, feeling that she spoke with a delicate and acid subcurrent of literary satire; "but it is one way"

"Nothing doing," said Ellersley in deeper gloom. "It's no use," he continued. "I'm awfully fond of you, and not just because you're clever, either. But you must count me out of this literary game. I can see the fellows at the club now taking up a magazine and finding The Winsomeness of Winnie, or some such rot, by Ellersley Fair."

The picture seemed to cheer him for a moment, and though to Miss Knighting her admirer's humor seemed perhaps a thought too popular in character, she was amused at the imaginary scene in the Racquet Club. Then suddenly her face lit up with a strange, prophetic look. For a moment she seemed to forget Ellersley, though when she finally turned her eyes upon him they shone with a softer light

"I think perhaps, Ellersley, I can make you worthy of me But you must let me do what I like and you must say nothing."



"NO, YOU'RE NOT WORTHY OF ME"

Ellersley said nothing, for Miss Knighting at this point permitted him to kiss her

II

THE next evening, as it chanced, Miss Knighting went to a literary party. It was given by an intimate friend of the editor of The Book and Pen, and every one present felt how delightful it was that this special guest should be with them For although Marion's name was never really prominent in the newspapers, it was understood that she was sometimes asked to the same parties as the Vanderbilts and the Astors In certain literary circles she was indeed secretly considered in much the same class as Mrs. Wharton, and, after all, the difference between the two was mainly in the quality of their writing and its acceptability to editors.

A discussion as to the comparative prices paid for poetry by rival editors had at last flagged, and Marion dextrously introduced the ever-welcome topic of how "bad stuff" can always find a market if it has a well-known name attached.

"I suppose," said she, after the ball was rolling well, "that the signature of any stupid clubman in New York would sell a story if he were only in the hundred and fifty."

"Well, I don't know," said a woman journalist in a soft and caressing voice. "You're in society, Miss Knighting Or aren't you? Yet I suppose you have some difficulty in selling your work. Or don't you?"

"I write really very rarely," replied Marion, a little coldly. "And my ambition has never been to make my social position obtrusive. What I meant was a person whose name was in the society columns on an average three hundred and sixty-five times a year, whose family had been in Manhattan for four generations, and whom even a New York girl might consider as a husband in competition with an English nobleman."

"If this god would condescend to write, however badly," exclaimed a young fiction writer from up-State, more obscure as yet than he wished to be, "there isn't an editor who wouldn't sell all his old shoes to buy the stuff. As for Elkin Axworthy, he'd sell his soul."

"Axworthy?" murmured Miss Knighting "Let's see, he edits the Fifth Avenue Monthly, doesn't he?"

"Yes; though, of course, the offices are on Sixth."

"Thanks," said Marion. She had learned what she wanted to know.

III

THE Winsomeness of Winnie, by Ellersley Fair, appeared in the Christmas issue of the Fifth Avenue. The magazine comes out on the last Thursday of the month. On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Fair was summoned by telephone to take tea with Miss Knighting. The scene in which Marion broke the news to Ellersley was an interesting one, but as it was, toward its close, affectionate as well, it will be more discreet not to record it. As to the scene at the Racquet Club when the strongest men became hysterical with laughter after reading the delicately sentimental tale, it will perhaps be as well to draw a veil over that also, in order that rising young authors may not get an idea that the public is unappreciative of their fine-spun dreams. As to the scene of Ellersley's first appearance at the club, in the interests of mere decency no attempt will be made to repeat what he said when they chaffed him. But his word was pledged to Marion, and though somewhat blasphemous for an author, an author he still remained

On the Sunday following four papers in New York alone, and goodness knows how many in the country, printed editorials full of hope for the younger sons of our millionaires. No one actually hailed The Winsomeness as a masterpiece, yet it was considered little short of a miracle that a mere polo-playing scion of the New York plutocracy should embark upon a literary career. It was almost as astonishing an effect as would be produced upon the public should an enterprising editor secure a sonnet sequence from Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

For a time Marion floated with the intoxicating tide of success. The lower drawer of her desk would now close easily, and five other magazines were preparing to enrich their pages with fiction from the pen of Ellersley Fair. In the process of making him worthy of her she even led him, like a lamb to the sacrificial altar, to an evening party given by the woman who was a friend of the editor of The Book and Pen. It would not be easy to do justice to Ellersley's first feelings about the company there assembled. But it is pleasant to record that their attitude toward him was excessively friendly. Mr. Fair was considered to have a piquantly eccentric personality—for an author. He modestly said he didn't care to talk about his work—and then really didn't talk about it. The female writers present found his simplicity and his broad shoulders delightful. In the end Ellersley seemed to enjoy himself so thoroughly that Marion took him away a good half hour before the usual breaking-up time.

"Who was that girl with the nice eyes and brown hair?" he asked.

"A mere yellow journalist," responded Marion.

"She said she was awfully interested in my work." He delivered this with a kind of boyish shyness, ending in a

(Concluded on Page 15)

HERODOTUS

A NEW ENTERPRISE OF

The Outlook

OF NEW YORK

"THE HISTORIANS' HISTORY OF THE WORLD"

THUCYDIDES

NOTE — The Outlook has acquired from the History Association of London the exclusive American rights of issue and sale of "The Historians' History of the World," in 25 volumes. In the issue of The Outlook for March 26 further details are given of this large undertaking. The History will be offered in this country on a new plan of sale which will be of the utmost interest to all book-buyers. In regard to this it is quite impossible here to inform the reader further than to say that it will involve a radical departure from the usual publishing methods. Exactly what this departure is will be told at length in a pamphlet which The Outlook will send to all readers of this magazine who shall apply for it.)

"The Historians' History of the World"

The Historians' History of the World has been planned to do for the reader of history what the *Encyclopædia Britannica* does so well in the field of the arts, science, and literature. This new work is a consecutive narrative of world history from the most remote period of antiquity to the present day; and in this connection it is proper to note a surprising fact—that no adequate world history has been published in English since the year 1770.

It is true there have been published many thousands of historical works. [illegible] respects, they are valuable chiefly from the point [illegible]. Their themes have been chosen because of special knowledge acquired by their authors in particular fields of research or experience, and they deal, most of them, with certain limited periods or epochs, and are therefore but fragments of the general narrative of world history.

For the American People To-Day

The Outlook believes that the need for a universal history is obvious. The time has arrived when the whole English-speaking people require such a work (1) for the purpose of study, (2) for occasional reading, (3) for reference — and for one other reason which, for Americans, is perhaps more vital than either. This is the opportunity it will afford for enlarging and perfecting our historical perspective. Since the battle of Manila Bay, foreign observers, with by no means uncertain condescension, have decided that we are no longer provincial. We ourselves admit that our sympathies, not less than our interests and our influence, have become cosmopolitan. We are no longer taught that history began with the discovery of America. Our foremost publicists agree that the roots of American institutions and American civilization are embedded deep in the social and political history of Europe. It is only natural, therefore, that at the present day the American people should be more than ever interested in the study of foreign history and foreign institutions.

The love of history is essentially human, while a knowledge of it is, at this period of our development, quite invaluable.

Inception of the Work in Europe

The original project of building a universal history was conceived many years ago. It was to be, as a prime essential, not too scholarly for "the man in the street," yet scholarly enough for the scholar on any topic of history which is not his own; in scope it was to be broad enough to include all nations that ever had a history and all ages down to the present, and in treatment it was to be sufficiently full and generous to give the reader a well-proportioned and accurate account of the life and events of any given period. It was, besides, to be in no respect a philosophy of history, nor a history based on "scientific" methods, nor a history pointing a moral on every page. It was, on the other hand, to be a history based on the known facts of history, gathered from every source of historical knowledge and put together into a smoothly flowing narrative.

The editors believed, with Mr. Augustine Birrell, that "*history is a pageant and not a philosophy,*" and that "*the true historian, seeking to compose a true picture of the thing acted, must collect facts, select facts, and combine facts. Methods will differ, styles will differ. Nobody ever does anything exactly like anybody else; but the end in view is generally the same, and the historian's end is truthful narration.*"

The work, necessarily, was begun in Europe — in Germany, as a matter of fact. After that it was carried a step forward in Paris, and, later, three years were devoted to researches at the British Museum in London, and at the university libraries of England and the Continent. So large and so ambitious a work could not, in the nature of things, have been produced in this country, nor in any one country of Europe, for the reason that only by a system of international collaboration could the immense mass of historical material in the national libraries of England, Germany, France, Spain, Russia, and elsewhere in Europe, be made available.

The editors and collaborators, who had banded themselves together under the name of the History Association of London, were especially qualified by education and professional experience for this work, — graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, of the University of Paris, and the leading German universities, many of whom were also contributors to the New Volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which were completed in London early in 1903. The greatest living historians of England, Germany, France, Austria, Hungary, and of other countries, evidenced their warm personal interest in *The Historians' History* by writing special essays dealing with subjects they have made peculiarly their own. Another body of experts — Americans and Englishmen — have given editorial assistance and critical suggestion to the editor in special lines of research, or have revised the pages of the history either in manuscript or in proof. Among those who have participated in this most elaborate work of collaboration are the following:

Editors, Editorial Advisers and Contributors

Dr. Henry S. Williams, LL.D., Editor-in-Chief.
Prof. Thomas Kelly Cheyne, Oxford University.
Dr. Adolf Erman, University of Berlin
Dr. Joseph Halévy, Collège de France, Paris.
Prof. David H. Müller, University of Vienna.
Prof. Eduard Meyer, University of Halle.
Dr. G. W. Botsford, Columbia University.
Prof. A. Vambéry, Budapest
Dr. John P. Peters, New York.
Prof. Hermann Diels, University of Berlin.
Prof. Ulrich von Wilamowitz Mollendorff, University of Berlin.
Prof. Wilhelm Soltau, Zabern
Dr. Otto Hirschfeld, University of Berlin
Prof. Adolph Harnack, University of Berlin.
Prof. R. W. Rogers, Drew Theological Seminary
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Dr. Theodor Nöldeke, University of Strassburg
Dr. Alfred Rambaud, University of Paris (Member of the Institute).
Prof. A. C. McLaughlin, University of Michigan.
Prof. I. Goldziher, University of Vienna
Prof. H. Marczali, University of Budapest
Dr. A. B. Hart, Harvard University
Prof. F. York Powell, Oxford University
Prof. [illegible], Columbia University
Dr. Julius Wellhausen, University of Gottingen.
Prof. R. Koser, University of Berlin
Dr. J. T. Shotwell, Columbia University.

The Best of All the Historians

But the present work is not merely a consecutive narrative of world history. As its name implies, it is a world history based on the works of the greatest historians who have ever lived; but not only this, it also possesses the unique advantage of embodying, from the works of these historians, the best things they ever wrote — those great stirring passages, the immortal chapters and fragments of picturesque description and personal observation — which have passed into literature, and which, now that they have been gathered together, will be read and re-read forever because of their deep human interest.

In other words, the editors have purposely kept their own part of the narrative within limits, in order that, in dealing with the really important and interesting parts of history, they might have greater freedom for the employment of the words of the historians themselves.

To show how helpful to the general reader must be the results of this system of building a history, let us glance at the works of those historians whose names are known to everybody, having in our minds the requirements of the average man or woman. Let us first take English history as an example.

Macaulay's "History of England" is perhaps the work which is more popularly known. Macaulay, it may be said in passing, was essentially a stylist, and he was, besides, a politician not less than an historian, and although, within a generation after the appearance in 1848 of his first volume, the astonishing number of 140,000 copies had been sold in Great Britain alone, and an even greater number in the United States, and although this justly celebrated work was translated and published in ten Continental languages, yet the period its four large volumes covered with such brilliancy included less than thirty years of English history.

Another popular English historian, Edward Augustus Freeman, whose work on the Norman conquest is recognized as the standard authority on the subject, occupied five large volumes in dealing with this single period of English history. His writings are characterised by extraordinary mastery of detail; he had, in fact, as one critic has said,* "a passion for details, which not only swelled his volumes to a portentous size, but was fatal to artistic construction. The length of his books hindered their usefulness."

Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner gave a lifetime of unremitting labor to the history of the fifty-seven years from the accession of James I to the Restoration, and spread his story through seventeen large volumes.

Froude's "History of England" was confined to the sixty years beginning with the downfall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and to this period twelve volumes were devoted. Hume's six-volume work brings the narrative down only to the Revolution of 1688.

In our own country the narrower field of American history has been dealt with by an equally elaborate method of presentation.

When we examine the field of Greek and Roman history we are confronted by a like embarrassment of riches. The mere bulk of historical production is, if possible, even greater in this field than in that of English or American history. Dr. Botsford, of Columbia, has made a bibliography of Greek history, including, besides Grote, Curtius, and Rawlinson's Herodotus, more than fifty ancient and modern authors, an aggregate of more than 125 volumes. Dr. Botsford's bibliography of Roman history cites more than 100 volumes, which cost more than $150.

Hopeless, indeed, in the face of the above facts and all they imply, would be the task of any reader, however omnivorous, who should attempt to read all of these works, or one-half of them. Yet the works cited above deal only with four nations. It is obvious, therefore, that the expedient adopted by the editors of the present work is not only necessary — it is a brilliant idea! They have made not only a consecutive narrative of history from the beginning, but they give us the best of Macaulay as an integral part of that narrative — and along with the best of Macaulay the essential parts of Freeman, the interesting opinions of Gardiner; as much or as little of Froude as is consistent with the plan of the work; of Gibbon and Grote and Merivale, those useful and immutable passages which will live forever; of Henri Martin and Michelet and Guizot, their most authoritative and absorbing work; and so on through the entire list of historians from the earliest times to the present day.

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* The Encyclopædia Britannica.

2000 Histories Included

Among the 2000 historians from whose works quotations have been made in this manner are Herodotus, Thucydides, Diodorus, Erman, Budge, Josephus, Maspero, Meyer, Petrie, Strabo, Wilkinson, Curtius, Delitzsch, Hilprecht, Layard, Peters, Rawlinson, Sayce, George Smith, Tiele, Weber, Cheyne, Renan, Mommsen, Pomponius Mela, Xenophon, Justin, Caesar, Tacitus, Livy, Suetonius, Mill, Noldeke, Aelianus, Cox, Constantine VII, Demosthenes, Victor Duruy, Mitford, Pausanias, Plutarch, Niebuhr, Polybius, Schliemann, Schlosser, Thirlwall, Ammianus, Appian, Dion Cassius, Keightley, Liddell, Merivale, Sallust, Seneca, Taine, Bryce, Hallam, Von Ranke, Ibn Saad, Milman, Machiavelli, Motley, Napier, Prescott, Michaud, Alison, Carlyle, Chateaubriand, Dareste, Sismondi, Philip de Commines, Baroness de Staël, Lamartine, Michelet, Rosebery — to name only a few. Again to quote the words of the Editor:

No great historian that ever lived is overlooked. The aggregate number of different works thus quoted (not merely cited) is about two thousand. These quotations vary in length from illuminative paragraphs to excerpts of many pages, averaging perhaps about two thousand words each. Some fifteen hundred of such extensive quotations are made from foreign languages, and by far the greater number of these have been translated from the originals expressly for the present work, thus representing matter never before accessible to the English reader. The languages represented in this list of important historical works of foreign origin include practically all the tongues of civilized nations, ancient and modern, — Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Arabic, Syriac, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, and the entire range of European languages from Greek, Latin, and Russian, to Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch, German, and Scandinavian. From all of these the original words of the various authors have been translated into the most literal English consistent with our idiom. It is perhaps not too much to assert that never before was such a repository of cosmopolitan thought collected in a single work.

But these excerpts are not given as random references crowded into footnotes or appendixes; they are woven into the text of the consecutive story of world history so that they themselves constitute the bulk of that story. Thus the history of Germany is mainly told in the words of German writers, that of France in the words of French historians, etc. To avoid the prejudiced national view of history, however, the story of a nation thus told by a native historian is always subject to the corrective views of foreigners. Thus we gain both the sympathetic and the critical points of view. When the authorities are not agreed as to any important fact of history, or where there are important differences of opinion in estimating the influence of a great event or the real status of a famous character, reliance is not placed upon the estimate of a single historian, but counterviews are quoted, even though they may be directly contradictory, each, of course, being ascribed to its proper source. To give unity to these various views and to weld the entire mass of matter into a consistent and comprehensive history of the world, original editorial passages are everywhere freely introduced as a part of the main narrative, forming, indeed, the warp of the whole, and serving to elucidate and harmonize the views of the authorities quoted.

Such is the aim and, in the opinion of The Outlook, the brilliant accomplishment of *The Historians' History of the World*.

The Index — Indirect Uses of the Work

So great is the multitude of subjects, peoples, individuals, and events that the entire twenty-fifth volume is given to an index which in itself is a monument of industry and a convincing revelation of the infinite variety of the work. It is an index not only by names, but by subjects, and the reader will find a lifetime of interest in tracing by this means the history of numberless phases of human activity as well as an answer to any question in history.

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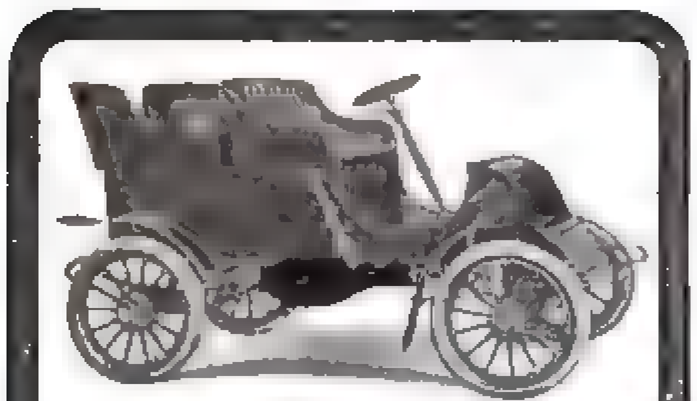

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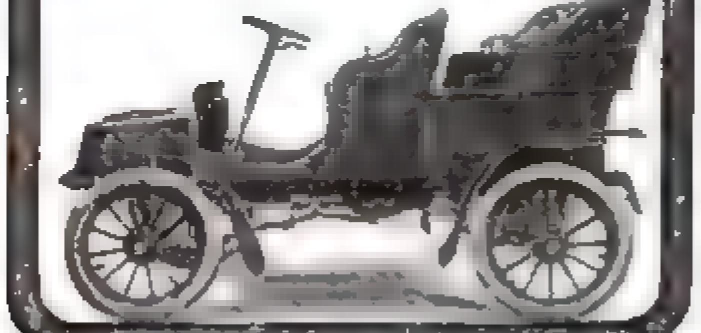

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When Culture Comes In at the Door—

(Concluded from Page 13)

chuckle. Marion withdrew herself into a corner of the brougham. They drove on a little while in silence, which the author finally broke.

"I say, Marion," he began, "of course, I don't know anything about it, but these stories must be very good. Lots of people say that they feel about 'em just as—well, just as that girl with the nice eyes did."

"Of course the stories are good."

"Well, then, don't you think that you ought to get the credit?"

"I can't tell the trick we've played."

"No," said Ellersley, "but you could write more and print 'em with your own name."

"They take them largely because you are a much-advertised person. I'm not known like that." She had the air of wanting to be contradicted.

"I'm sure it isn't that; it's because they're good. I wish you could have heard Ethel Allerton go on about them to me the other night."

"I wish I could have," said Marion in non-committal tones.

"I almost began to wish I had written them."

Perhaps this was not tactful. At any rate, Miss Knighting's response to her admirer's next question was somewhat enigmatic.

"Don't you think by this time I'm as worthy of you as you want me to be, Marion?"

"I think perhaps you are," she said.

Instead of cheering, it somehow chilled Ellersley.

IV

THE next month or two contained the darkest passage in Miss Knighting's career. Eager editors received no further contributions from the pen of Ellersley Fair. But in the lower drawer of Miss Knighting's desk a phenomenon like the ceaseless ebb and flow of the tides set in. After a period of rest, publishers' clerks again betook themselves to the task of returning her manuscripts. Marion's temper grew more uncertain and her comments upon the literary situation more acrid. Meanwhile, as if to punctuate her annoyance, one by one the magazines came out with the stories which were making a literary reputation for Ellersley Fair. Ultimately there came a time when Miss Knighting, for some reason unfathomable by her admirer, became so uncertain and moody that he instinctively sought other and more soothing society.

It was noticeable at that period that Miss Allerton's interest in literature, which had hitherto been merely latent in her character, now made great progress. To a girl striving to keep in touch with modern fiction it was, of course, an especially happy circumstance that she should know a promising young writer like Ellersley Fair. Miss Allerton found, so she said, that the routine social gayeties began to pall upon her, and that nothing gave her so much pleasure as a chat upon intellectual subjects over a quiet cup of tea. At her fireside there was always a place for Ellersley, and sometimes she even gave orders to the servants that she was at home to no one else. It would, indeed, have seemed a pity to weary so valuable a brain with the idle chatter of the unsympathetic. Ellersley was still almost morbidly modest when it came to any discussion of his writings. So with graceful tact Miss Allerton used to lead the conversation to the author's character itself, especially considered in relation to his works. It was interesting to Ellersley—as, indeed, it would have been to any one—to learn that Miss Allerton had always found in Mr. Fair, even long before he began to write, the same qualities of sympathetic feeling and cultivated taste now in evidence in his stories. To her, as she delicately put it, it had never been the surprise it had seemed to be to others that he should display this charming talent. Ellersley would have been less than human if he had not felt how wrong it would be to disappoint this dear creature by publishing no more stories in the future. He did not, however, think it necessary to put the matter in just this light to Miss Knighting when he broached the subject.

A letter from an editor with a request for a story was an admirable excuse for going to call on Marion—Ellersley had somehow fallen out of the habit of doing so every day. As fate would have it, his immediate predecessor had been the postman, also with a letter—or rather a printed slip—from an editor. The moment Ellersley had chanced upon was not well chosen. But he could not know.

"Marion, dear," he began, "you know how much I urged you to print stories with your own name instead of giving me all the credit."

Marion was silent and appeared to brood darkly over the teacups. Ellersley continued.

"I don't know why you won't do it. But as you won't, for some reason or other, I've been wondering—well—why shouldn't I go on?"

He handed her the editor's letter. She looked it over.

Finally she spoke in a strained voice.

"It is quite out of the question."

"I don't see why," protested Ellersley; "you can write the stories easily enough, I know."

"Oh, I could write the stories," flashed back Miss Knighting, "and editors would continue to take them because you play polo and your mother runs society in New York. But how long do you think people will keep on believing you are really the author? Why, you are as incapable of such work as it's possible for any man to be. How they can go on thinking it's yours and taking it when they won't have it on its merits is more than I can see. Oh, no, it's no good. Some one would be sure to find out."

"Oh, I don't know——" began Ellersley vaguely.

"Well, I do. How can any one talk with you a half-hour and believe you capable of writing my stories? My dear Ellersley, I don't wish to be brutal, but you are too stupid."

"I am sorry you think so badly of me," was Mr. Fair's dignified response. "Perhaps you would like to know that there are people who think it quite natural that I should write the stories."

"They must be great fools."

"Not at all. She is—well, they are very nice, intelligent people."

"My dear Ellersley, you know well enough that the beginning of this whole thing was that you admitted that you were stupid. Now that all this intellectual position has been given to you through my brains don't become conceited. It's irritating enough for me as it is. Do at least be as sensible as you used to be and see that you're stupid."

"Oh, yes, I admitted I was stupid," said Ellersley. "I admitted it, but I must say, Marion, that I don't think it's quite kind of you to rub it in. And, sometimes, I think, when a man's appreciated and—well—encouraged—well, it's a very good thing for him."

"I don't doubt that plenty of silly girls would flatter you. Probably that Ethel Allerton——"

"I consider Miss Allerton a charming girl."

"Who appreciates you, no doubt?"

"She seems to."

"If you prefer her society to mine——"

"I didn't say that."

"Of course, you are at liberty to seek it."

V

IT IS understood that once in a box at the play Mr. Fair pointed out to Miss Allerton three poets in the stalls—he had met them at his one "literary evening." Their appearance reconciled Ethel to Ellersley's giving up writing.

"After all," she said later, with a loving upward glance at him, "I only liked the stories because I liked you. I don't care if you never write again."

Ellersley kissed her, and her interest in letters died at that moment in his arms.

Miss Knighting's own activity in the direction of culture also suffered a decline about this time. She is now said to be engaged to Hanford Robynson, a cousin of Mr. Fair's, who is equally prominent socially, somewhat richer and full as stupid. It is not unlikely, for Marion even in her most cultured moments rode well to hounds, and literature never dimmed the rose pink of her cheek.

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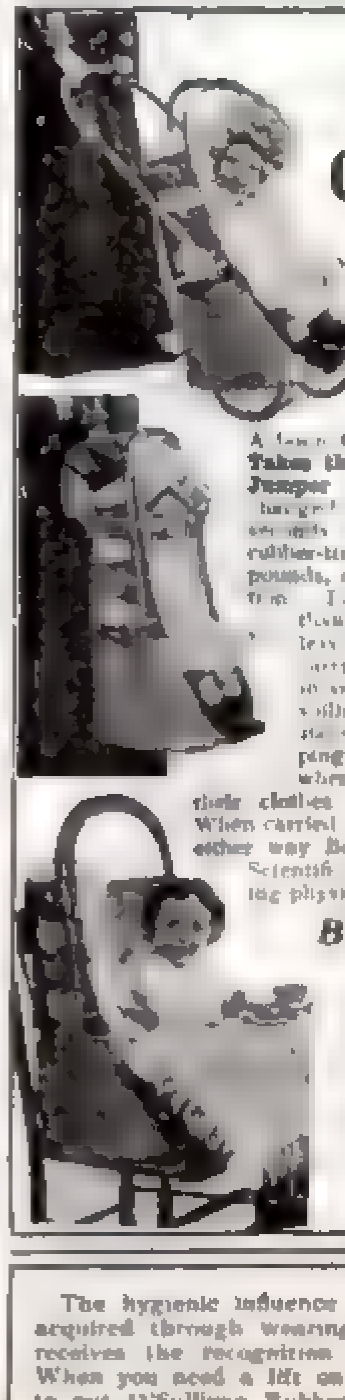

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The Reading Table

Bill Nye's Dog Case

WHEN Bill Nye first left home for the West, "bidding his parents a kind, even affectionate, farewell," and telling them "ever to remember the good example he had set them since the hour of his birth," it was with the expectation of practicing law rather than of embarking in the newspaper business. He had been admitted to the bar, "under cover of darkness," again to quote his own words, and Laramie, Wyoming, seemed to offer a promising field. He hired an office about a block from the livery stable over which later he carried on his journalistic labors, where you "went up two flights of stairs or twisted the tail of the white mule and took the elevator," according to choice.

In the law Nye got on indifferently, though he took it very seriously, his humorous tendency being at that time either unsuspected by himself or rigidly suppressed. One of his first cases called him to the neighboring town of Big Stranger in defense of a Scandinavian named Axelson, whose dog, it was alleged, had bit the plaintiff.

Nye thought it best to ascertain the exact status of the case from his client, so he said:

"Now, Mr. Axelson, tell me about this dog of yours—did he probably bite the man?"

"No," answered the Scandinavian with a jerk of the head which threatened to dislocate his neck. "He bees goot dog, yentle yust like kittens. Bite nottings."

"Then I think we have a clear case," said Nye. "We will introduce evidence to show the dog's good character. Is he a large dog?"

"Yust a meedle-size dog. Not so small like des little dogs what goes ki-yi-yi. Not so big like des large dogs what goes boom-boom-boop! Ay tank mebby he bees a sheep-dog."

"Good," commented Nye. "Sheep-dogs are always gentle, like their charges. He never bit this man. We shall win the case."

When the trial came on considerable difficulty was experienced in getting a jury, since the plaintiff's attorney objected to every man who owned a dog, and Nye promptly challenged every man who was not provided with such an appendage. Finally a working agreement was hit on and twelve men selected who had been dog owners at some time in their lives but were not at the moment in possession of any specimens. Evidence was then introduced. Nye depended chiefly on his client's neighbors, most of them honest Scandinavians like himself, who swore to the mild disposition and generally pacific character of the dog. His ways, it appeared, were ways of pleasantness and his paths those of peace.

But it remained for Nye himself in his summing up to raise and glorify that dog above all dogs—to beatify him among canines. He had about reached his peroration. "What, gentlemen of the jury," he cried, "shall we say of men who come into this court and try to traduce this gentle creature? What must we think of men who will attempt to poison the minds of twelve upright gentlemen against a poor, dumb, defenseless beast? Gentlemen, you have heard what the honest neighbors of my client have had to say about that dog. You know it is true, but you shall have further evidence, that of your own senses. I understand that the harmless creature is outside. Mr. Axelson," he added, turning to the defendant, "fetch in Fido! Let these twelve intelligent men form their own opinion of him. Seeing is believing. Remember, gentlemen, this is a sheep-dog, trusted associate of lambs! What, gentlemen, says the poet? What—what," he stammered, not having, in fact, the least notion what the poet said. "What says the poet?" he went on resolutely, inwardly praying that his client would appear and save the day. "What—ah, I have it:

> My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills
> My father feeds his flocks

Feeds his flocks, gentlemen. Note those flocks. And what sort of a dog did Norval have? One like my client's—one such as stands before you," he added, relieved, a relief which the next moment was tempered with consternation as he saw that the creature was of sinister aspect and about the size of a yearling calf. "You see, gentlemen, you see——" The gentlemen did see. As he spoke the dog, without a sound, sprang forward and grabbed the foreman of the jury by the leg.

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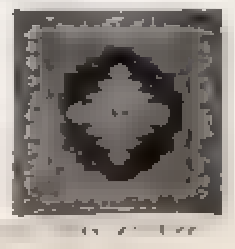

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Instantly all was uproar. The jury mounted chairs, the judge rapped for order and the sheriff reached for his weapons. "What, gentlemen, says the poet?" roared Nye, hoping for another inspiration, but the judge only rapped the louder. Finally the defendant succeeded in pulling the dog off. "What is the jury's verdict?" asked the judge. "We find for the plaintiff," shouted the foreman, and there was no dissenting voice. "Gentlemen," said Nye as he gathered up his law books, "never mind what the poet said. Whatever it was it wasn't strong enough."

John Hay and the Turk

THE burning of an American missionary school in Asia Minor a few weeks ago will probably engage the attention of the State Department in spite of the fact that it is pretty well occupied just now in watching the Russo-Japanese struggle. The incident brings to mind the fact that Secretary Hay's first great diplomatic triumph was achieved in behalf of the missions in that same region. Soon after the wholesale destruction of the buildings of the American missions at Harpoot, Secretary Hay made two demands upon Turkey: first, that a permit for the rebuilding of the missions be issued; second, that an indemnity of $100,000 be paid by the Turkish Government to the missionaries.

The Turk, of course, delayed, equivocated, promised and lied, but the Secretary persisted and kept our minister at Constantinople taking messages to and calling upon the Sublime Porte day after day, until finally, in sheer exhaustion and in token of his recognition of a new force in diplomacy, the Sultan yielded, and gave permission for the rebuilding. This was regarded at Washington and in all other capitals as a surprising victory, and the Washington correspondents crowded into the Secretary's room to congratulate him. Then one of the leading men of the corps asked, "Well, Mr. Secretary, now that you have won so much from Turkey, will you relinquish the demand for the indemnity?"

The Secretary leaned back in his chair, an amused light came into his eyes, and he replied with a smile:

"Our attitude on that question is about the same as that of one of my favorite professors in college on one occasion. He was a very able and much beloved man, but he had a peppery disposition, and easily flew into a passion. One day, during a lecture, he grew furious because of some interruption, and slamming down his book with an exclamation of rage rushed from the room. The boys were very much distressed by his action, but did not know what to do. In a few minutes, however, the professor, after pacing back and forth in the corridor, apparently came to the conclusion that he had done a foolish thing, for he returned to the room and resumed his lecture without a word. Anxious to show their goodwill and to atone, if possible, for their rudeness the boys took advantage of a good point in the lecture to applaud tumultuously.

"'No, no, no!' exclaimed the professor, holding up his hand with a gesture of protest. 'I want you to understand that I'm as mad as h—— yet!'"

Useless Extravegance

A PROMINENT New York financier says that recently, while on a tour of inspection over the Missouri Pacific system, President Gould took great pride in pointing out to Russell Sage the late improvements in equipment, and various new and ingenious devices and attachments. Among the latter Mr. Gould was especially pleased to show to Mr. Sage a certain device by which there is registered the speed of a train. The device in question resembled a steam gauge, and was connected with an axle, so that the pointer registered the number of revolutions every minute.

Mr. Sage examined the device with great interest. Then, after a moment's pause, he looked up at Mr. Gould and asked with the greatest solemnity:

"Does it earn anything?"

"No, I think not," answered the president of the system smilingly.

"Does it save anything?"

"No."

"Then," concluded Mr. Sage decidedly, "I would not have it on my car."

The Court of Last Resort

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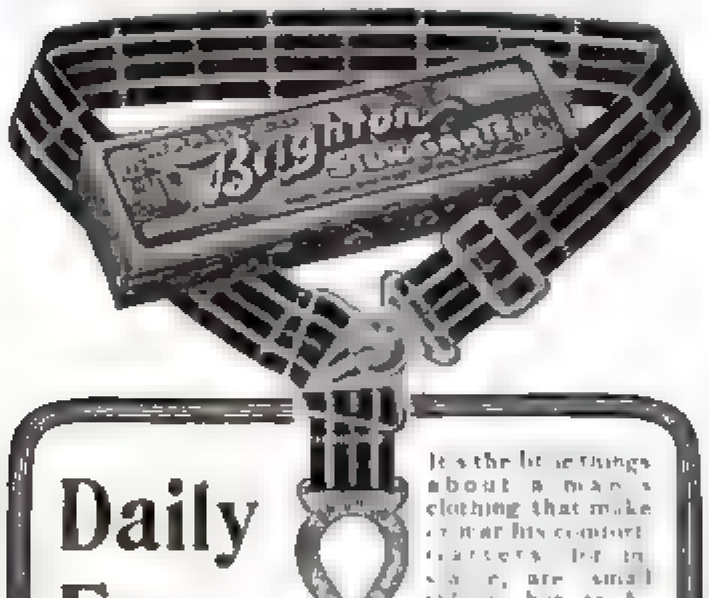
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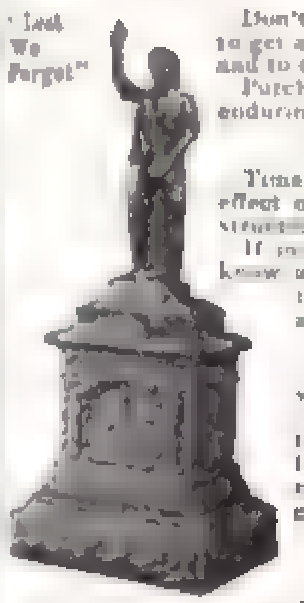

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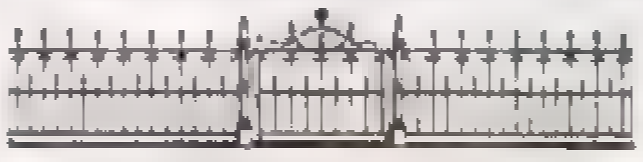
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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

PARAGRAPHIC BIOGRAPHIES — Harry Leon Wilson, the author of The Spenders and The Lions of the Lord.

¶ In the present tremendous output of fiction it is unusual to find a book that, falling somewhat flat at first, has taken a start and is growing steadily in favor. Such a book is Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's Mormon romance The Lions of the Lord, which deals with the growth of that extraordinary sect whose establishment forms such an interesting episode in our national history.

The author of this book is a Western man who, like many another, has sought and found occupation in New York. Born in Illinois in 1867, he was at one time secretary to a railroad official in the West, in which capacity he made many journeys in that part of the country.

He contributed to Puck from time to time, and his work attracting the attention of the editor, Mr. H. C. Bunner, he was invited to come to New York and join the staff of that paper. After Mr. Bunner's death he was made editor of Puck, and it was while holding that position that he wrote his first novel, The Spenders, in which many of his own experiences are embodied. Before the appearance of The Spenders he had published Zigzag Tales, a volume of short stories; but it was the success of The Spenders which led Mr. Wilson to give up his position in New York and go West to collect material for his second book. There is so much good conversation in The Spenders that it is rather surprising to find Mr. Wilson more of a thinker than a talker. He is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with an air suggestive of an out-of-door life in the West rather than the sedentary one of an Eastern city.

Unlike many men who come to New York from the West, he has never succumbed to the spell which the great city casts over so many of those who dwell within her gates. The glitter of Fifth Avenue, the rush of Broadway, the brilliant, unsubstantial life of those who live on the crest of the wave of pleasure, none of these has had any charm for Mr. Wilson, and as soon as he was free to choose, he left the turmoil of New York for a simpler life in Missouri.

PEDLER OR POET — George Moore sums up the case of the man who goes to Whitechapel or to Lhasa.

¶ No one of recent years has better put the case of the historical novel than George Moore in his Avowals.

"A man," he writes, "may go to Whitechapel or to Lhasa, and bring back descriptions of how the poor live, the quality of their food, the cooking utensils they employ, the beds they sleep in, their manner of courtship and of murder; or he may go to Whitechapel or to Lhasa and bring back ideas, I mean apprehension of some immortal sentiment, such as the grief of a woman for the man she loves, or the love of comrades. In one case the man is a pedler. We love the pedler. Nothing is more interesting than to turn over the different wares, especially if they come from a foreign country; but however various and novel the display, we weary of it in a very little time. The descriptive writer flashes his wares in front of our faces, and the moment they have flashed they fall to nothingness: they become as dust in our eyes. Then we turn to the poet, and he tells us a tale of a heart that throbbed two thousand years ago, and we are astonished to find that we are interested in its suffering, whereas all the brilliant externalities that we read last year have passed — well, like the snows of yesteryear. *Not of the habits and customs, nor even of the passions, is great literature made, but of the heart's joys and griefs. The intellect wearies and the flesh forgets; the heart alone is unchanging, and the joys and griefs that troubled it two thousand years ago trouble it to-day.*"

That's it. That says it very near as well as it can be said. Now and again, indeed, there is a poet who carries the gaberlunzie on to turn an honest penny. Such were the great romancers; but it is not here a question of great romances. Lux Crucis, by Samuel

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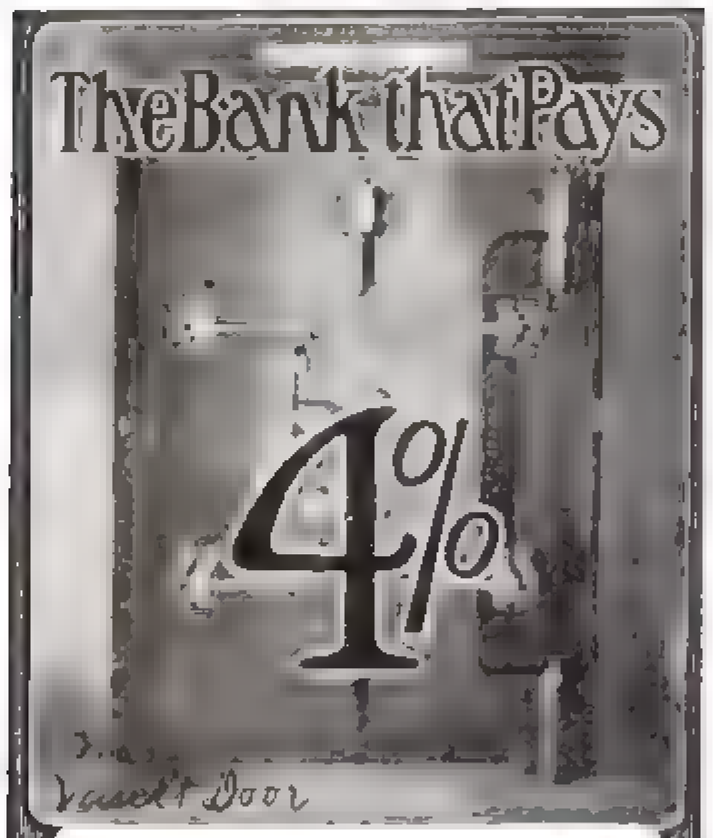

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Stronger and wears longer. "Y K M" is the only hosiery at the price knit of **yarn spun of four threads** of finest combed Egyptian lisle. Other 25c sorts are but 1- or 2-thread yarn.

Misses' and Boys', single or double knees, fine or derby rib, medium or heavy, sizes 6 to 10. Black only.

Men's Half-Hose, two weights — medium and heavy. [illegible] Tourist and Cadet [illegible]

Look for the "Y K M," the stamp of genuineness, on every pair.

If your dealer won't supply you, send 25c for sample pair, or $1.50 for six pairs, one or assorted colors [illegible]. Delivery free.

Write for booklet "The Reason Why economical buyers prefer Y K M Hosiery."

YORK KNITTING MILLS
King Street, YORK, PA.

M. Gardenhire (*Harper & Bros.*), is a story of the court of Nero; Paul and the Apostle Peter, and Herod Agrippa and Berenice his sister and other ample figures pass across the pages; but there is a shadow in the path: Sienkiewicz has been that way before. One begins to recall that presence and to summon the shape of Quo Vadis. An extended comparison is not possible, but read the publishers' announcement. They, at least, are not likely to emphasize the parallel:

"In and out of the great drama of Rome in her throes of change moves Paul, quietly wielding his Titanic power. In Lux Crucis we learn to know him as a tender, loving man. We see Nero and the rottenness of his court; we see the Christians going triumphantly to their doom; we see Rome burn and evil flourish; and we see at last the tumbling of the old gods. And all the time we are following the story of a Roman officer's love for a Christian maid — a tale that even without this wonderful setting would stand out as a love story of strangely vital power and charm."

Does not that setting suggest Quo Vadis — that and the Latin title? In effect, change the names and you have still the same cast, shift about the mechanism of the plot a little and it is essentially the same story, identically the same motive. Fabyan is Vinicius, Lygeia is Myrrha, Volgus is Ursus. There is the same rescue of the lady from the beast, the same banquet scene at the palace. It hardly seems worth while doing again if it were not to be done better. And it is not. Quo Vadis is constructively sounder and externally more brilliant. There was, besides, Petronius. It would not, of course, be possible to do Petronius again — but his loss is felt. Petronius typified the passing of the old order, the retirement of the gods and of the pagan philosophy, as no figure, no force, in Lux Crucis typifies it. Nor does Paul speak for the new order as did Petronius for the old. Perhaps it had been well not to say so much about "the love story of strangely vital charm." That, too, was the weakest part of Quo Vadis.

Lux Crucis shares in full the difficulties that hamper all historical novels without the genius that redeems the great ones.

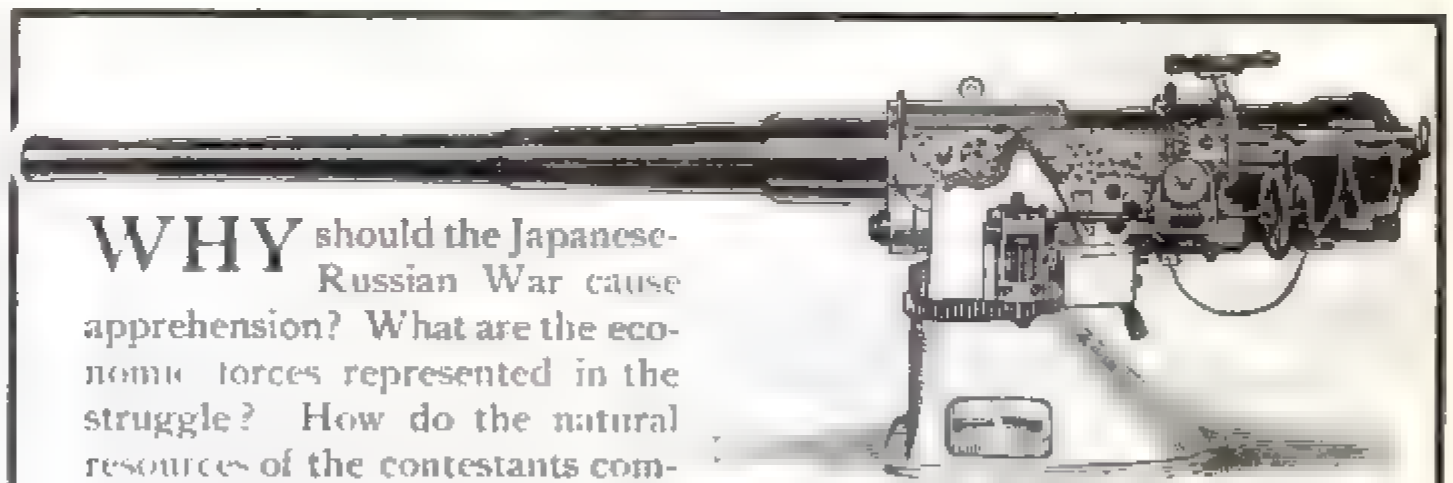
PETRONILLA HERROVEN — A capital "mystery story" of singularly distinguished and confident technique.

¶ Miss Una L. Silberrad is less known in America than she deserves to be. The name is English — though to our ears, at least, it does not sound it — and a little research shows that the lady was born and lives at Buckhurst Hill, Essex, which is English enough for any one. The same biographical note, along with other interesting information, goes on to state that her principal recreations are "walking alone, needlework and digging, also reading law and black art (so far as she can understand them)," and that "her particular crank" is "an absolute horror of noise." Nothing of this has anything to do with her fifth novel, Petronilla Herroven (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*), unless it be that the name is oddly chosen and sounds more Norwegian than English, but humor in a biographical note comes unexpected as a double delight, and deserves mention apropos of anything or nothing.

Petronilla is "a capital story." A capital story is one that, setting forth no great ambitions, satisfies as it goes and holds a strong and steady gait to a complete and rounded end. Undoubtedly Petronilla will be read chiefly "for the story," but the story here is always well in hand, developed with the reserve and assurance of a confident command of means, not hurried, never flagging, and yet with leisure to give a convincing impression of something really there, of life that was really lived, of places and people that had their being in the world of realities.

THE NOVEL AND THE TRACT — Of different orders of merit, they are not to be measured by the same standards

¶ Nothing is more distasteful than to have to write with disparagement of the expression of worthy ideals. But, as Mr. Swinburne once objected to a fallacious argument, though a man cannot live without air, therein lies no reason for believing that he can live on air alone; and though the ideals of love, duty, fellowship and conduct in Margaret E. Sangster's Eleanor Lee (*Fleming H. Revell Company*) are due the warmest commendation, they lack the envelopment that gives black print and white paper a longer life than the covers that bind them, and sermons a vitality to quicken in other hearts than those already made ready for them.



WHY should the Japanese-Russian War cause apprehension? What are the economic forces represented in the struggle? How do the natural resources of the contestants compare? Why cannot the Russian fleet pass the Dardanelles? Has international law been violated? Why should France favor Russia and England favor Japan? Why should Austria, Germany and Italy stand together? Why should Turkey and Bulgaria clash? What are the conditions in Santo Domingo, and should the United States interfere? What is the history of Latin America?

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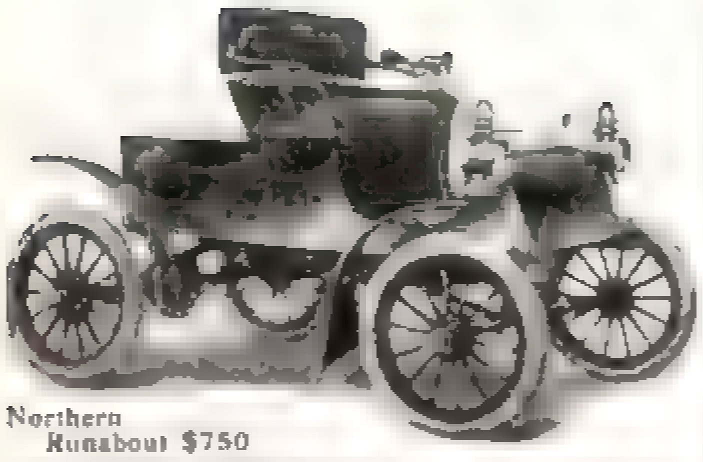
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[illegible] strengthened by proper training, just as the muscles are developed by a proper course of physical exercise.

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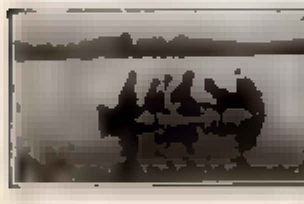

Folding Canvas Boats. Equal to best [illegible] No leaks. Store anywhere. Carry by hand. The boat for [illegible] for catalog—[illegible] engravings
[illegible] Folding Canvas Boat Co., 672 W. North St., Kalamazoo, Mich., U.S.A.

Two Billowy Ballads

By Wallace Irwin

The Fate of the Cabbage Rose

They wuz twenty men on the Cabbage Rose
  As she sailed from the Marmaduke Piers,
For I counted ten on me fingers and toes,
  And ten on me wrists and ears

As gallant skippers as ever skipped,
  Or sailors as ever sailed,
As valiant trippers as ever tripped,
  Or tailors as ever tailed.

What has became of the Cabbage Rose
  That steered for the oping sea,
And what has became of them and those
  Which went for a trip in she?

Oh, a maiden she stood on the brown wharf's end
  A-watching the distant sail,
And she says with a sigh to her elderly friend,
  "I'm trimming my hat with a veil."

A roundsman says to a little Jack tar,
  "I oftentimes wonder if we — "
And the Jacky replied as he bit his cigar,
  "Aye, aye, me hearty," says he.

And a beggar was setting on Marmaduke Piers
  Collecting of nickels and dimes,
And a large, stout party on Marmaduke Piers
  Was a-reading the Morning Times.

Little they thought of the Cabbage Rose
  And the whirlicane gusts a-wait,
With the poly-wows to muzzle her bows
  And bear her down to her fate.

But the milliner's lad by the outer rim
  He says to hisself, "No hope!"
And the little brown dog as belonged to him
  Sat chewing a yard o' rope.

And a pale old fisherman beat his breast
  As he gazed far out on the blue,
For the nor'east wind it was blowing west—
  Which it hadn't no right to do.

But what has became of the Cabbage Rose
  And her capting, Ezra Flower?
Dumd if I cares and dumd if I knows—
  She's only been gone an hour.

Eberly's Fair Young Bride

Oh, The Sauntering Sue fell into the squalls
  A-blowing from Portsmouth town;
She was loaded with pork and cannon balls,
  So it's natural she went down.

And the sea it riz with a terrible sizz,
  And The Sue on the rocks she scraped;
And of all the crew that her anchor drew
  Not more than a thousand escaped.

And when the sailors had waded to shore
  And their feet on the hearth-stone dried,
They hated to think of Eberly Moore,
  Or Eberly's fair young bride.

With The Sauntering Sue on the ocean floor
  And them cannon balls rolling inside,
They hated to think of Eberly Moore
  And Eberly's fair young bride.

So they talked in whispers of euchre games,
  Of ladies and Eskimo,
Of vulgar fractions and proper names,
  And the works of Byron and Poe

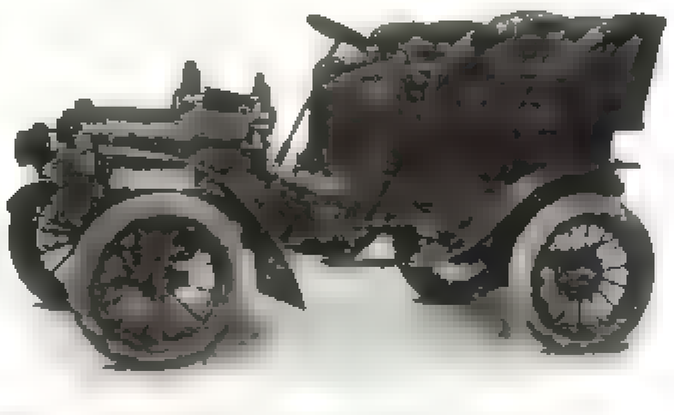
And some of 'em shuddered and looked at the door
  With a sort of nervous pride;
But they never referred to Eberly Moore,
  Or Eberly's fair young bride

In a neat little Kansas grocery store,
  Far leagues from the turbulent tide,
Sat the thoughtful grocer, Eberly Moore,
  Along of his fair young bride.

And Eberly says to his bride, says he,
  "You cannot deny it's so
That we ain't been on the bounding sea,
  And we ain't intending to go."

And far away, on the wreck-strewn shore
  Where the crew of The Sue reside,
They never refer to Eberly Moore,
  Or Eberly's fair young bride.

Columbia



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12-14 Horse Power
(Honest Rating)

Weight 1700 lbs. Price $1750. Canopy Top $200 extra

New system of control makes the two-cylinder opposed motor, which is placed forward in a removable bonnet, as flexible as a steam engine with none of its defects and limitations. High gear available for all ordinary speeds and grades. Gear changing by positive levers—no notches, no indices—making this the easiest of all gasoline cars to operate. Speed, two to thirty miles per hour. Lubrication automatic. Tonneau seats of full carriage size. Materials and workmanship highest grade in every detail.

24-30 Horsepower Touring Car (Chicago-New York Record), ... $3500
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Light Electric Runabout, new model, ... 850

Catalogue of Columbia Gasoline Cars and Electric Pleasure Vehicles will be sent on request; also separate catalogue of Electric Town Carriages of the coach class and Commercial Vehicles.

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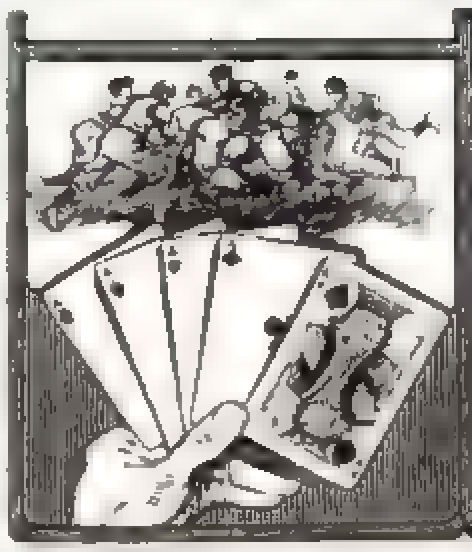

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The Greatest Game Out
Mimic Football Played with Cards
Easy to Learn—Easy to Play
Fun for Two—Fun for a Crowd

Football-Poker has all the [illegible] of the two great American Games. Full of spectacular runs, goals from the field, blocked kicks, fumbles, [illegible]

A real game of football played on a paper "gridiron" and [illegible] broken bones. Price 50 cents [illegible] Sample chart of game free. [illegible] college students, society—everybody is playing Football Poker.

All Harvard plays Football Poker [illegible]

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Are your brains bringing you no greater return than does the day laborer's brawn?

IS YOUR BUSINESS PAYING?

If not—if you are dissatisfied and are anxious to win greater returns in salary or in your business—you should write today for our Third Annual Announcement [illegible] the alluring possibilities which lie in Scientific

ADVERTISING

We can put into your life, through correspondence, without interfering with your vocation, the practical experience of the most successful advertisers in the United States.

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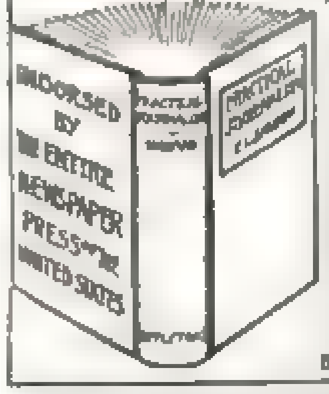
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Send two addresses of men who shave themselves, and

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Torrey's Oil Edge dressing keeps any strop soft and pliable. Price 15c. Send for free catalog "Torrey Strops." It's valuable to all who shave.

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Correct styles and sizes. Order filled day received. Booklet "Card Style" Free! Also business, professional and fraternal cards. We have [illegible] for all societies. Card Cases [illegible]
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SAVE A THIRD

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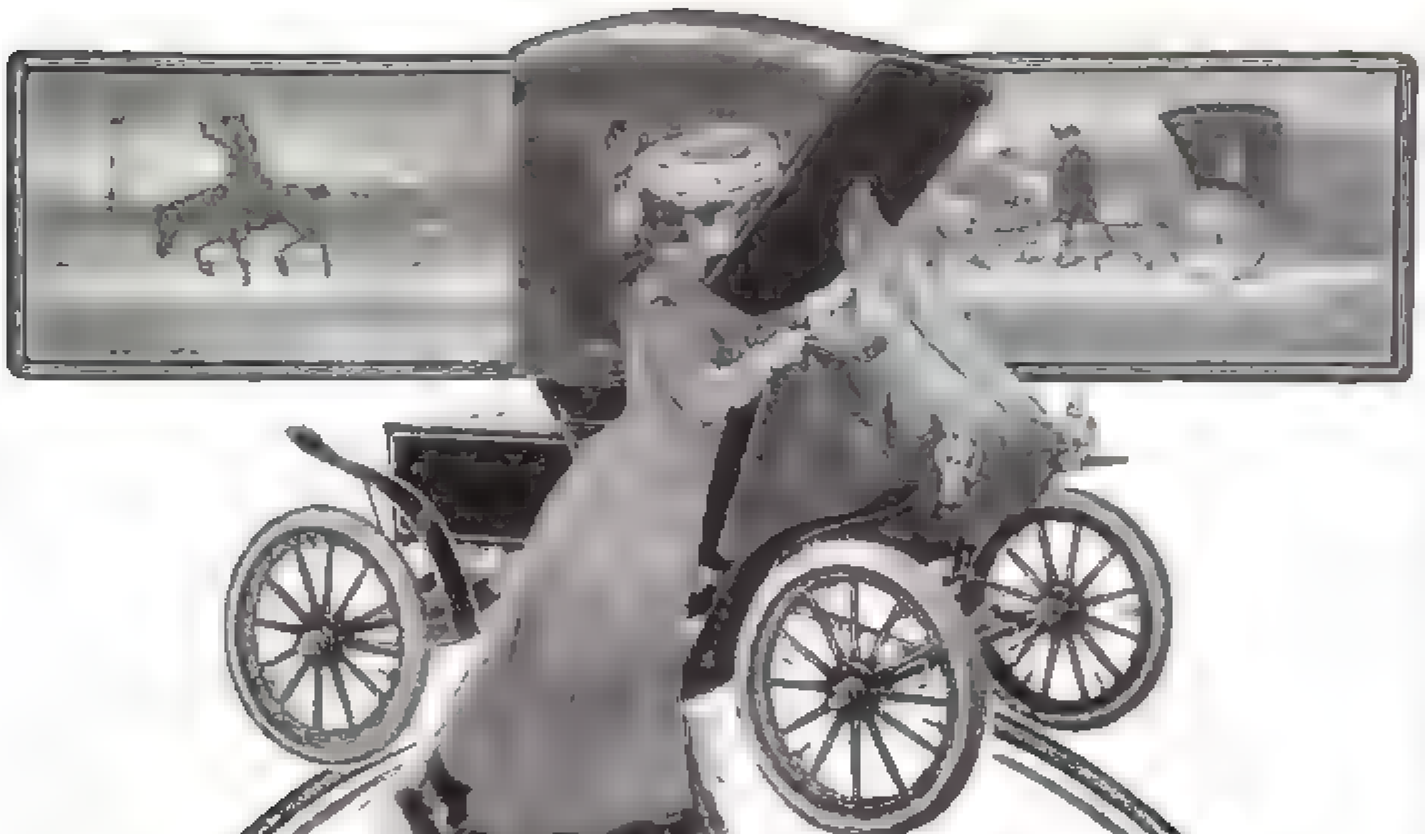
EASIER TO ROW ABSOLUTELY SAFE *Mullins Unsinkable Steel Pleasure Boats*

Write today for free catalogue

15 foot boat, crated $29.00
No other boat so desirable for ladies and children.

Made of steel. Practically indestructible. Air chamber each end. Cannot sink. [illegible] Ideal boat for family use [illegible] steel. Will seat [illegible] for pleasure, safety and durability.

W. H. MULLINS, 354 Depot St., Salem, O.



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PRICE, $650

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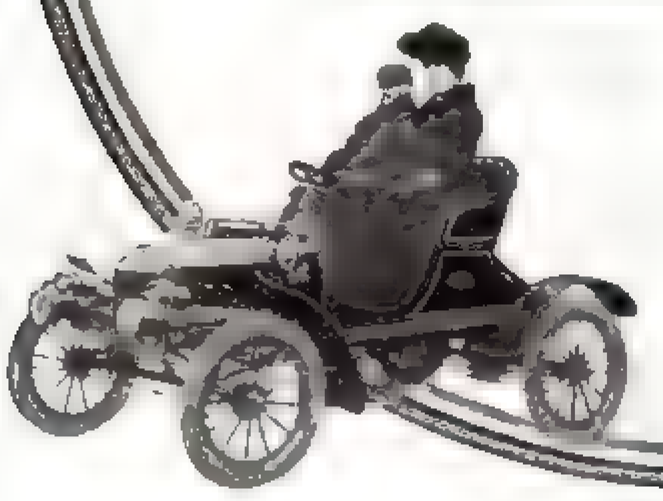
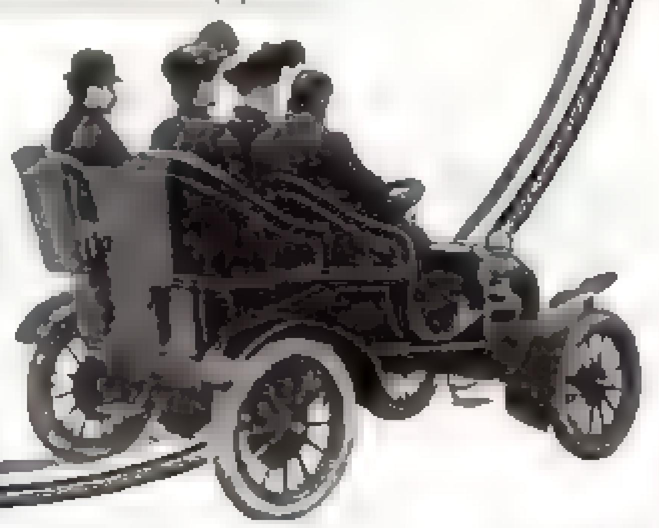
OLDS MOTOR WORKS, DETROIT, U. S. A.



Oldsmobile Touring Runabout.
Price, $750.



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Price, $950.
Without Rear Seat, $850

N90

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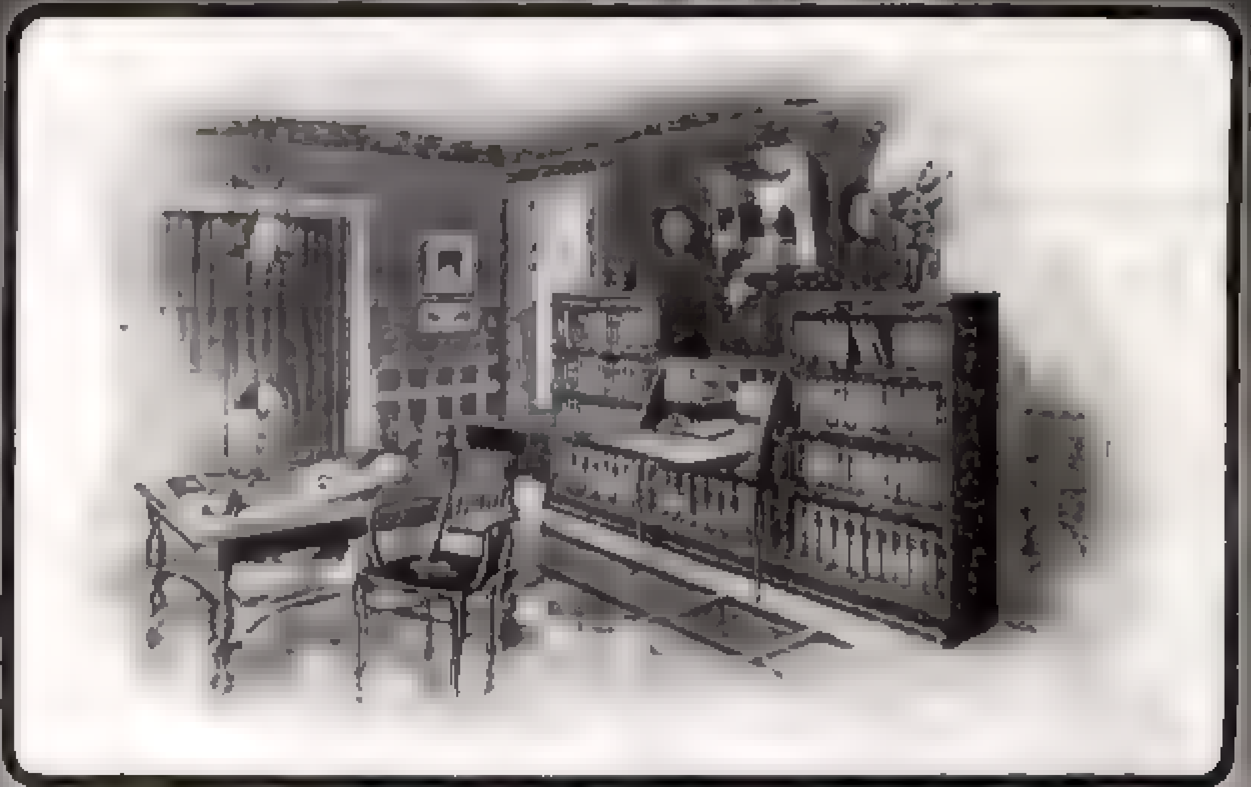

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Ask for Catalog D-103

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CHICAGO 224-228 Wabash Avenue
LONDON 44 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

Suit Made to Measure $12

Suit Case Free

Fine All-Wool Tailor-Made Cashmere or Worsted Suit

Your choice of [illegible] from the woolen [illegible]. We direct special attention to the [illegible]. The cloth is specially woven [illegible] shape. Before cutting into the cloth for each [illegible] equal in wear to the best suits you can obtain from your local dealer for Twenty Dollars, while in style and fit [illegible] tailors.

FREE Suit Case

In order to establish [illegible] United States we are giving on the [illegible] from any [illegible] suit case which we use to [illegible] goes with each suit is as at present [illegible] and would cost in your local store from $3 to $5.

A trial is all we ask. You run no risk in ordering from us, as we guarantee absolutely a perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by Express C. O. D., with the privilege of examination at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in fabric, finish or fit, you need not accept it, it will be returned to us at our expense. [illegible] is $12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up nicely in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples varying in price from $14.00 to $20.00. Our catalogue and

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Reference Citizens National Bank, South Bend, Ind

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the difference between

3% and 4%

on savings accounts? We pay

4% Interest

compounded semi annually.

This is 33⅓% more than 3% interest.

Let us show you how we figure it. Write for FREE Booklet "K," "Banking by Mail"

The Federal Trust Co.

CAPITAL - $1,500,000

CLEVELAND, OHIO

"The City of Banks"

SATISFIU STOGIES

Send us your dealer's name and a two cent stamp and we will mail you a handsome [illegible] stogie or cigar [illegible] cigars are free.

CRUSADER STOGIE CO., Box 1130, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Good Humor Obtains the Marble Soap Advertisement

(Continued from Page)

Don't you trouble to come," urged the thoughtful Miss Bulstrode, "you look tired."

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Postwhistle. "I feel I should like it."

In some respects Mrs. Postwhistle proved an admirable companion. She asked no questions and only spoke when spoken to, which during that walk was not often. At the end of half an hour Miss Bulstrode pleaded a headache and thought she would return home and go to bed. Mrs. Postwhistle thought it a reasonable idea.

"Well, it's better than tramping the streets," muttered Johnny, as the bedroom door was closed behind him, "and that's all one can say for it. Must get hold of a smoke to-morrow if I have to rob the till. What's that?" Johnny stole across on tiptoe. "Confound it!" said Johnny, "if she hasn't locked the door."

Johnny sat down upon the bed and took stock of his position. "It doesn't seem to me," thought Johnny, "that I'm ever going to get out of this mess." Johnny, still muttering, unfastened his stays. "Thank goodness that's off!" ejaculated Johnny, as he watched his form slowly expanding. "Suppose I'll be used to them before I've finished with them."

For the whole of next day, which was Friday, Johnny remained Miss Bulstrode, hoping against hope to find an opportunity to escape from his predicament without confession. The entire Autolycus Club appeared to have fallen in love with him. They came in ones, they came in little parties, and tendered him devotion. They brought her presents—nothing very expensive, more as tokens of regard: dainty packets of sweets, nosegays of simple flowers, bottles of scent. They took her to Madame Tussaud's. They took her up the Monument. They took her to the Tower of London. In the evening they took her to the Polytechnic to see Pepper's Ghost. They made a merry party wherever they went.

"Seem to be enjoying themselves!" remarked other sight-seers, surprised and envious.

"Girl seems to be a bit out of it," remarked others, more observant.

"Sulky-looking bit o' goods, I call her," remarked some of the ladies.

With Jack Herring in particular Johnny was beginning to lose patience. That Miss Bulstrode's charms had evidently struck Jack Herring all of a heap, as the saying is, had in the beginning amused Master Johnny. Indeed, as in the seclusion of his bed-chamber over the little grocer's shop he told himself with bitter self-reproach, he had undoubtedly encouraged the man. From admiration Jack had rapidly passed to infatuation; from infatuation to apparent imbecility. Had Johnny's mind been less intent upon his own troubles he might have been suspicious. As it was, and after all that had happened, nothing now could astonish Johnny. "Thank Heaven!" murmured Johnny, as he blew out the light, "this Mrs. Postwhistle appears to be a reliable woman."

Now, about the same time that Johnny's head was falling thus upon his pillow, the Autolycus Club sat discussing plans for their next day's entertainment.

"I think," said Jack Herring, "the Crystal Palace in the morning when it's nice and quiet."

"To be followed by Greenwich Hospital in the afternoon," suggested Somerville.

"Winding up with the Moore and Burgess Minstrels in the evening," thought Porson.

"Hardly the place for the young person," feared Jack Herring. "Some of the jokes—"

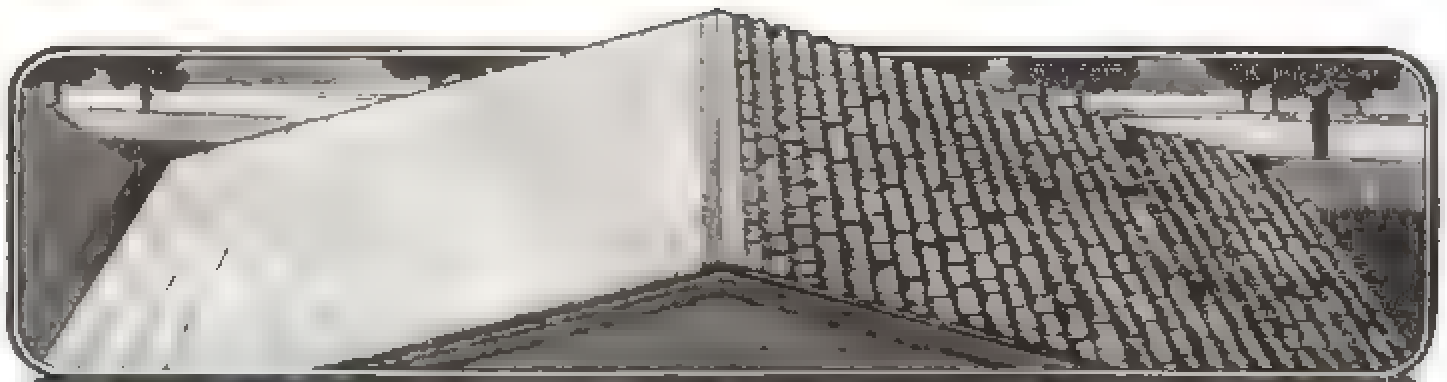
"Mr. Brandram gives a reading of Julius Cæsar at St. George's Hall," the Wee Laddie informed them for their guidance.

"Hulloa!" said Alexander the Poet, entering at the moment. "What are you all talking about?"

"We were discussing where to take Miss Bulstrode to-morrow evening," informed him Jack Herring.

"Miss Bulstrode," repeated the Poet in tone of some surprise. "Do you mean Johnny Bulstrode's sister?"

"That's the lady," answered Jack. "But how do you come to know about her? Thought you were in Yorkshire."



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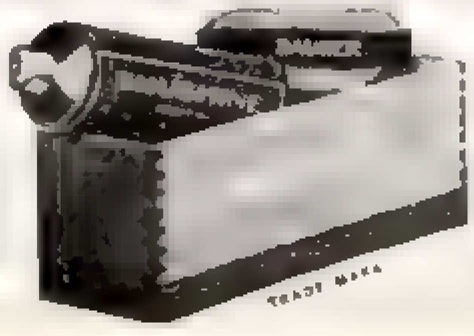

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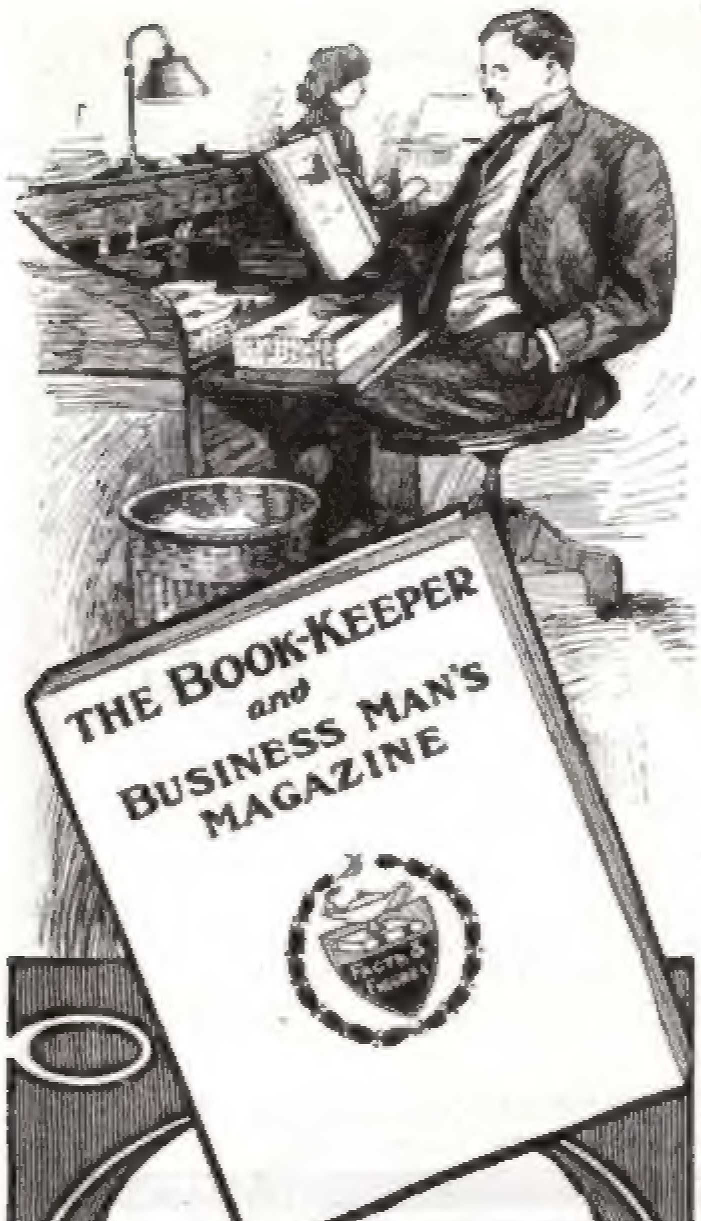

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"Came up yesterday," explained the Poet. "Traveled up with her."

"Traveled up with her?"

"From Matlock Bath. What's the matter with you all?" demanded the Poet. "You all of you look ——"

"Sit down," said the Briefless One to the Poet. "Let's talk this matter over quietly."

Alexander the Poet, mystified, sat down.

"You say you traveled up to London, yesterday, with Miss Bulstrode. About what time did you reach London?"

"Three-thirty."

"And what became of her?"

"The last I saw of her she was getting into a cab. I had an appointment myself, and was —— I say, what's the matter with Herring?"

Herring had risen and was walking about with his head between his hands.

"Never mind him. Miss Bulstrode is a lady of about—how old?"

"Eighteen—no, nineteen last birthday."

"A tall, handsome sort of girl?"

"Yes. I say, has anything happened to her?"

"Nothing has happened to her," assured him Somerville. "*She's* all right. Been having rather a good time, on the whole."

The Poet was relieved to hear it.

"I asked her an hour ago," said Jack Herring, who was still holding his head between his hands as if to make sure it was there, "if she thought she could ever learn to love me. Would you say that could be construed into an offer of marriage?"

The remainder of the club was unanimously of opinion that it was a proposal.

"I don't see it," argued Jack Herring; "it was merely in the nature of a remark."

The club was of opinion that such quibbling was unworthy of a gentleman.

It appeared to be a case for prompt action. Jack Herring sat down and then and there began a letter to Miss Bulstrode, care of Mrs. Postwhistle.

"But why did Bennett ——" whispered Porson.

"Where is Bennett?" demanded half a dozen fierce voices.

Harry Bennett had not been seen all day.

Jack's letter was delivered to Miss Bulstrode the next morning at breakfast-time. Having perused it, Miss Bulstrode rose and requested of Mrs. Postwhistle the loan of half-a-crown.

"Mr. Herring's particular instructions were," explained Mrs. Postwhistle, "that I was not to lend you any money."

"When you have read that," replied Miss Bulstrode, "perhaps you will agree with me that Herring is an ass."

Mrs. Postwhistle read the letter and produced the half-crown.

"Better get a shave with part of it," suggested Mrs. Postwhistle; "that is, if you are going to play the fool much longer."

Miss Bulstrode opened his eyes. Mrs. Postwhistle went on with her breakfast.

"Don't tell them," said Johnny; "not just for a little while, at all events."

"Nothing to do with me," replied Mrs. Postwhistle.

Twenty minutes later the real Miss Bulstrode, on a visit to her aunt in Kensington, was surprised at receiving, inclosed in an envelope, the following hastily scrawled note:

> Want to speak to you at once—alone. Don't yell when you see me. It's all right. Can explain in two ticks.
> Your loving brother, JOHNNY.

It took longer than two ticks, but at last the Babe came to an end of it.

"When you have done laughing," said the Babe.

"But you look so ridiculous," said his sister.

"*They* didn't think so," retorted the Babe. "I took them in, all right. Guess you've never had as much attention, all in one day."

"Are you sure you took them in?" queried his sister.

"If you will come to the club at eight o'clock this evening," said the Babe, "I'll prove it to you. Perhaps I'll take you on to a theatre afterward—if you're good."

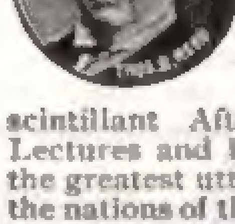
The Babe himself walked into the Autolycus Club a few minutes before eight and encountered an atmosphere of restraint.

"Thought you were lost," remarked Somerville coldly.

"Called away suddenly—very important business," explained the Babe. "Awfully much obliged to all you fellows for all you have been doing for my sister. She's just been telling me."

"Don't mention it," said two or three.

"Awfully good of you, I'm sure," persisted the Babe. "Don't know what she would have done without you."



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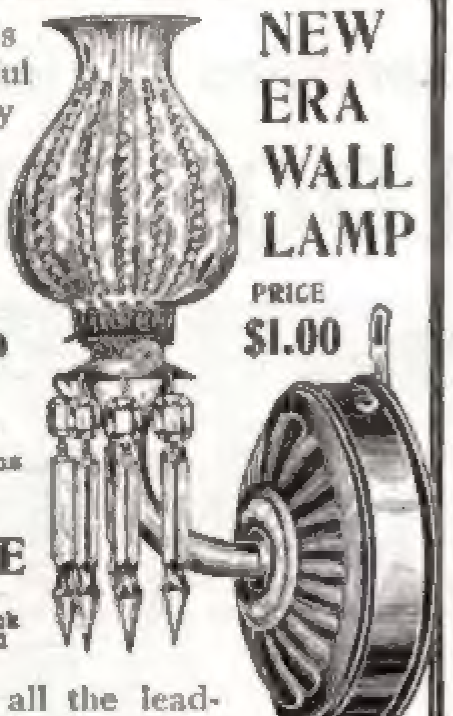

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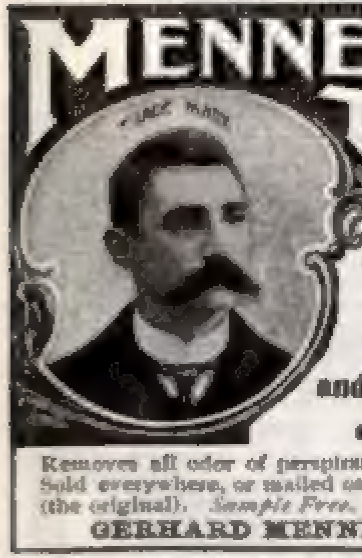

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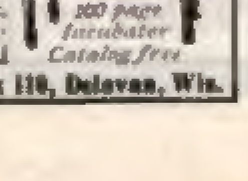

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"Never heard her speak so enthusiastically of any one as she does of you, Jack," said the Babe, turning to Jack Herring.

"Of course, you know, dear boy," explained Jack Herring, "anything I could do for a sister of yours ——"

"I know, dear boy," replied the Babe; "I always felt it."

"Say no more about it," urged Jack Herring.

"She couldn't quite make out that letter of yours this morning," continued the Babe, ignoring Jack's request. "She's afraid you think her ungrateful."

"It seemed to me, on reflection," explained Jack Herring, "that on one or two little matters she may have misunderstood me. As I wrote her, there are days when I don't seem altogether quite to know what I'm doing."

"Rather awkward," thought the Babe.

"It is," agreed Jack Herring. "Yesterday was one of them."

"She tells me you were most kind to her," the Babe reassured him. "She thought at first it was a little uncivil your refusing to lend her any money. But as I put it to her ——"

"It was silly of me," interrupted Jack; "I see that now. I went round this morning meaning to make it all right. But she was gone, and Mrs. Postwhistle seemed to think I had better leave things as they were. I blame myself exceedingly."

"My dear boy, don't blame yourself for anything. You acted nobly," the Babe told him. "She's coming here to call for me this evening on purpose to thank you."

"I'd rather not," said Jack Herring.

"Nonsense," said the Babe.

"You must excuse me," insisted Jack Herring. "I don't mean it rudely, but really I'd rather not see her."

"But here she is," said the Babe, taking at that moment the card from old Goslin's hand. "She will think it so strange."

"It seems discourteous," suggested Somerville.

"I'd really rather not," repeated poor Jack.

"You go," suggested Jack.

"She doesn't want to see me," explained Somerville.

"Yes, she does," corrected him the Babe. "I'd completely forgotten. She wants to see you both."

"If I go," said Jack, "I shall tell her the plain truth."

"Do you know," said Somerville, "I'm thinking that will be the shortest way."

Miss Bulstrode was seated in the hall. Jack Herring and Somerville both thought her present quieter style of dress suited her much better.

"Here he is," announced the Babe in triumph. "Here's Jack Herring and here's Somerville. Do you know, I could hardly persuade them to come out and see you. Dear old Jack, he always was so shy."

Miss Bulstrode rose. She said she could never thank them sufficiently for all their goodness to her. Miss Bulstrode seemed quite overcome. Her voice trembled with emotion.

"Before we go further, Miss Bulstrode," said Jack Herring, "it will be best to tell you that all along we thought you were your brother, dressed up as a girl."

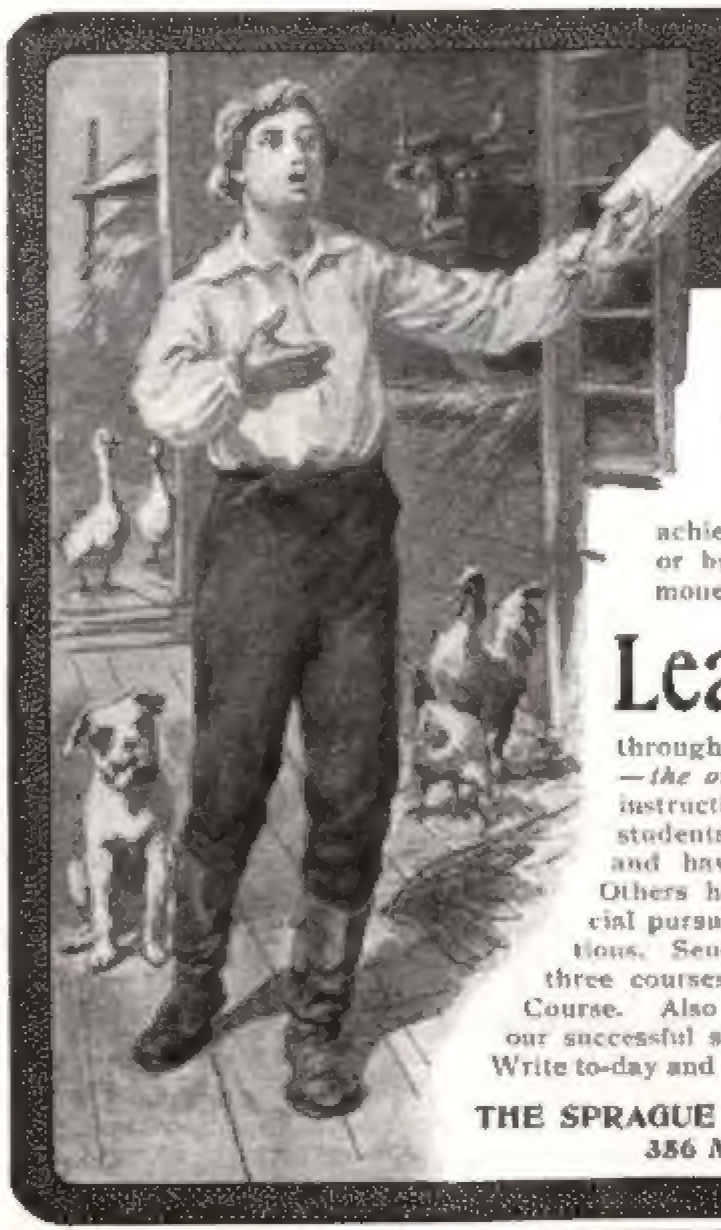
"Oh!" said the Babe, "so that's the explanation, is it? If I had only known ——" Then the Babe stopped and wished he hadn't spoken.

Somerville seized him by the shoulders and with a sudden twist stood him beside his sister under the gas jet.

"You little brute!" said Somerville. "It was you all along." And the Babe, seeing the game was up and glad that the joke had not been entirely on one side, confessed.

Jack Herring and Somerville the Briefless went that night with Johnny and his sister to the theatre—and on other nights. Miss Bulstrode thought Jack Herring very nice, and told her brother so. But she thought Somerville the Briefless even nicer, and later, under cross-examination, when Somerville was no longer briefless, told Somerville so himself.

But that has nothing to do with this particular story, the end of which is that Miss Bulstrode kept the appointment made for Monday afternoon between "Miss Montgomery" and Mr. Jowett, and secured thereby the Marble Soap advertisement for the back page of Good Humor for six months at twenty-five pounds a week.



A Great Career

Henry Clay began his illustrious career as statesman, orator and lawyer by declaiming to the chickens and cattle in the barn. By mere determination and persistent effort to learn the law he overcame lack of opportunities and obstacles that do not confront the young man of to-day. The ambitious youth who would achieve fame and fortune at the bar, in public affairs or business, but who cannot afford the time and money necessary to attend a law college, should

Learn Law at Home

through the Sprague Correspondence School of Law—*the original.* It brings to his home, **by mail**, the instruction and drill of the college. Thousands of our students have passed the required state examinations, and have been admitted to the bar in every state. Others have applied this knowledge toward commercial pursuits, and through it have gained prominent positions. Send for our catalogue, which tells all about our three courses: Preparatory, Commercial and College Law Course. Also book of interesting letters from hundreds of our successful students. **Liberal Terms—Special Offer now.** Write to-day and let us help you.

THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
356 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

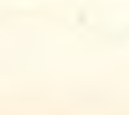
More failures in advertising are made because too little space is used than because too much is used when the right magazine has been selected. Too many beginners in advertising want to use space in everything and so do not begin because they cannot buy as much space as they ought to have in everything, and they do not realize that to use adequate space in the best publication of its kind will give them the most complete knowledge of their advertising possibilities on the least cost without duplication and will make *successful advertisers of them by its use alone.*

That one best publication is The Ladies' Home Journal with its million circulation.

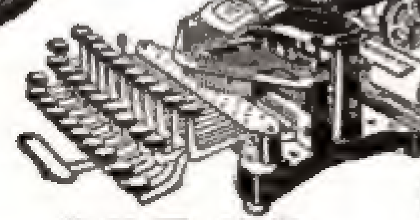
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
New York Boston Chicago

USE THE "BRISTOL" FOR TROUT
"Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods are the perfect rods for trout fishing, and, incidentally, for nearly all fishing. They are light, strong, flexible and very compact. There's nothing to warp or swell, nothing to split or shrink.
Write us for Catalog "Y." Ask your dealer about the reduced prices.
THE HORTON MFG. CO.
Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

SAVE ONE-THIRD ON ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS
The Roby process makes engraved cards and wedding invitations equal in appearance to steel or copper engravures and cost ⅓ less. Write for free samples. Roby engraved visiting cards 50 for 50c., 100 for 75c., with beautiful leather card case $1.
GEO. L. ROBY, 38 5th Street, Fowler, Ind.

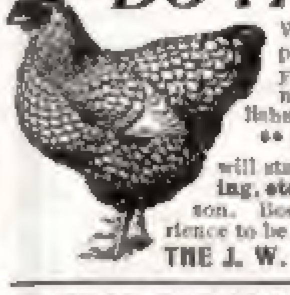


Shorthand a Mine
We loan you a Remington machine, teach you Shorthand & Typewriting by Mail, and help you get a position in Chicago at good salary and with sure promotion.–
Ser. Sten. Inst. 195 Canal, Chicago Ill.

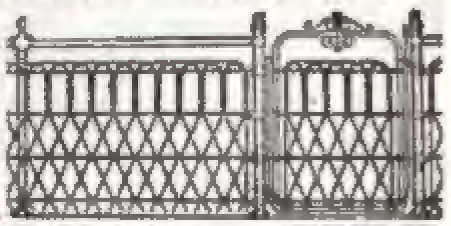


Postal
$25.00
THE ONLY REAL TYPEWRITER AT A LOW PRICE
In fact, the only low-priced typewriter of which the picture is published, because no other low-priced typewriter has the standard keyboard.
UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD
VISIBLE WRITING
INTERCHANGEABLE TYPE
STRONG MANIFOLDER
BEAUTIFUL WORK
We send our machine out on seven days' trial, to prove what we claim.
Sent C. O. D., for one week's trial, on receipt of $4.00 to cover express.
Write for Booklet and Instalment Plan
The Postal Typewriter Co., Dept. 18
Main Office: 45 Cliff St., New York
Branch: 118 Dearborn St., Chicago
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED

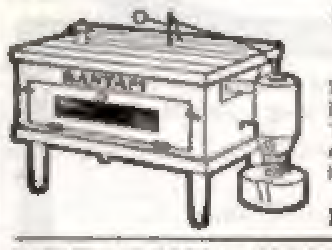
20 YEAR GUARANTEE
Goes with the old original **Prairie State Incubators** and **Brooders.** U. S. Government uses them exclusively. Have won 382 first prizes. Our free catalog interests poultry raisers. Send for it.
PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO.
Homer City, Pa.



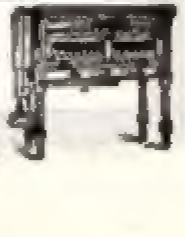
DO IT YOURSELF
We have made plenty of money in the poultry business and have grown from year to year until our **Milhook Farm** is now the largest pure bred poultry establishment in the country. Our new year book
"Poultry for Profit"
will start you right. All about **breeding, feeding, etc.** Cuts of fowls with prices; eggs in season. Book has cost too much money and experience to be given away, but we mail it for **10 cents.**
THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, Freeport, Ill.



DWIGGINS INVINCIBLE
Twice the life of any other fence. Double galvanized steel wire; weather and rot-proof. **Never** loses its rigidity. Trim, clever designs for parks, lawns, cemeteries, etc. Catalogue **Free**, shows variety of styles 10 to 50c. a foot.
DWIGGINS WIRE FENCE CO., 15 Dwiggins Avenue, ANDERSON, IND.

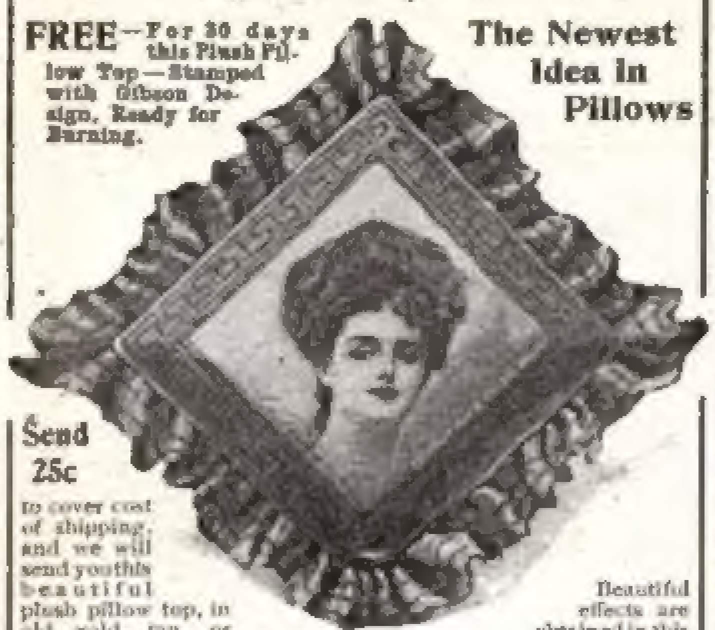


The Bantam
beats 'em all. One customer writes he obtained 51 chicks from 50 eggs. The Bantam hatches every fertile egg every time. Catalogue proves it—sent free.
BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO.
Box 23 Springfield, O.



PETALUMA INCUBATORS
and Brooders are the oldest and most reliable machines on the market to-day. Devices purely automatic and sure. Catalogue free.
PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO.
Box 61, Petaluma, Cal. Box 81, Indianapolis, Ind.

GIBSON PILLOW
—PYROGRAPHY—



FREE—For 30 days this Plush Pillow Top—Stamped with Gibson Design, Ready for Burning.

The Newest Idea in Pillows

Send 25c to cover cost of shipping, and we will send you this beautiful plush pillow top, in old gold, tan, or light green, size 17x17 inches; already burned $1.50. Size 25 x 25 in. $1.00; same, already burned $2.50.

Beautiful effects are obtained in this work. Other designs shown in catalog.

Special Offer Our No. 95 $2.50 Outfit for only **$1.80**

For burning on plush, wood, leather, etc. Includes fine Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double-Action Bulb, Metal Union Cork, Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, Two Pieces Stamped Practice Wood, and full instructions, all contained in neat Leatherette Box. For sale by your dealer, or sent by us C. O. D. for examination.

T&C CHICAGO *Look for this trade-mark when buying Pyrographic Goods. It means quality.*

Ask for **Catalog P-52**; contains 68 pages, with 697 Illustrations of Gibson and other designs—many in colors. Shows all kinds of pyrography outfits and goods at lowest prices.

THAYER & CHANDLER
162-164 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago
Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World.

Eastman N-C Film

LIES FLAT, DRIES FLAT.

No bothersome curling in development—no rolling up of the negatives afterward.

It has other advantages too—orthochromatism (*i. e.* a correct rendering of color values) speed—latitude.

Your Kodak dealer has it. No advance over the prices you have always paid for Eastman film.

$4,850.00 in Cash Prizes for Kodak Pictures. Send for circular.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

is not a molasses, but a pure, wholesome syrup *fit to eat.* All grocers, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The Great Spread For Daily Bread.

Corn Products Co., New York and Chicago.

LEARN SUCCESS SHORTHAND

Taught by mail under the direction of the most successful firm of shorthand reporters in the world. They teach you by mail the same system they use. Write to-day for our book "Success Shorthand System."

WALTON, JAMES & FORD
Suite 30 77-79 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

TELEGRAPHY

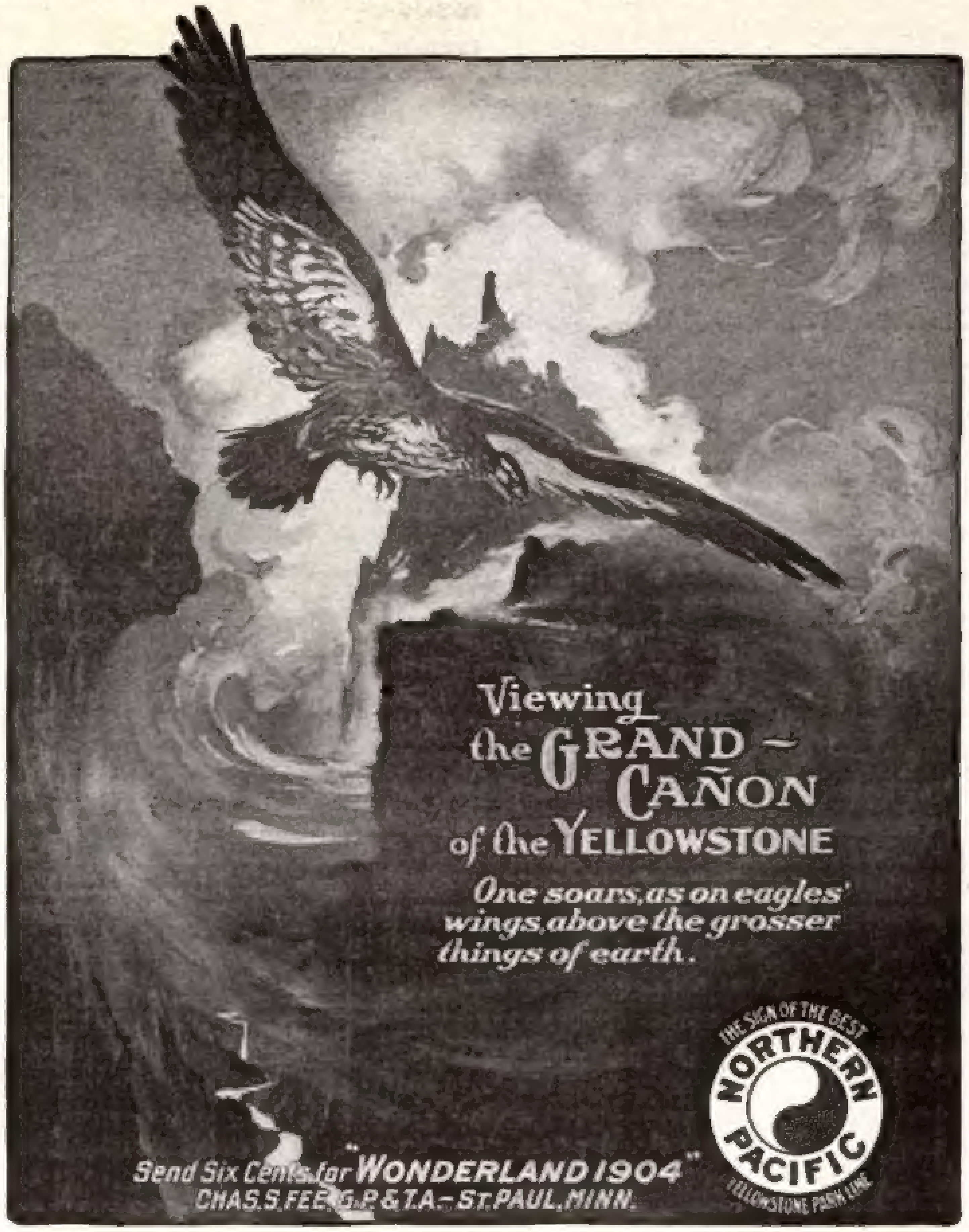
quickly taught. Graduates helped to positions. Established 32 years. Send for illustrated catalog.

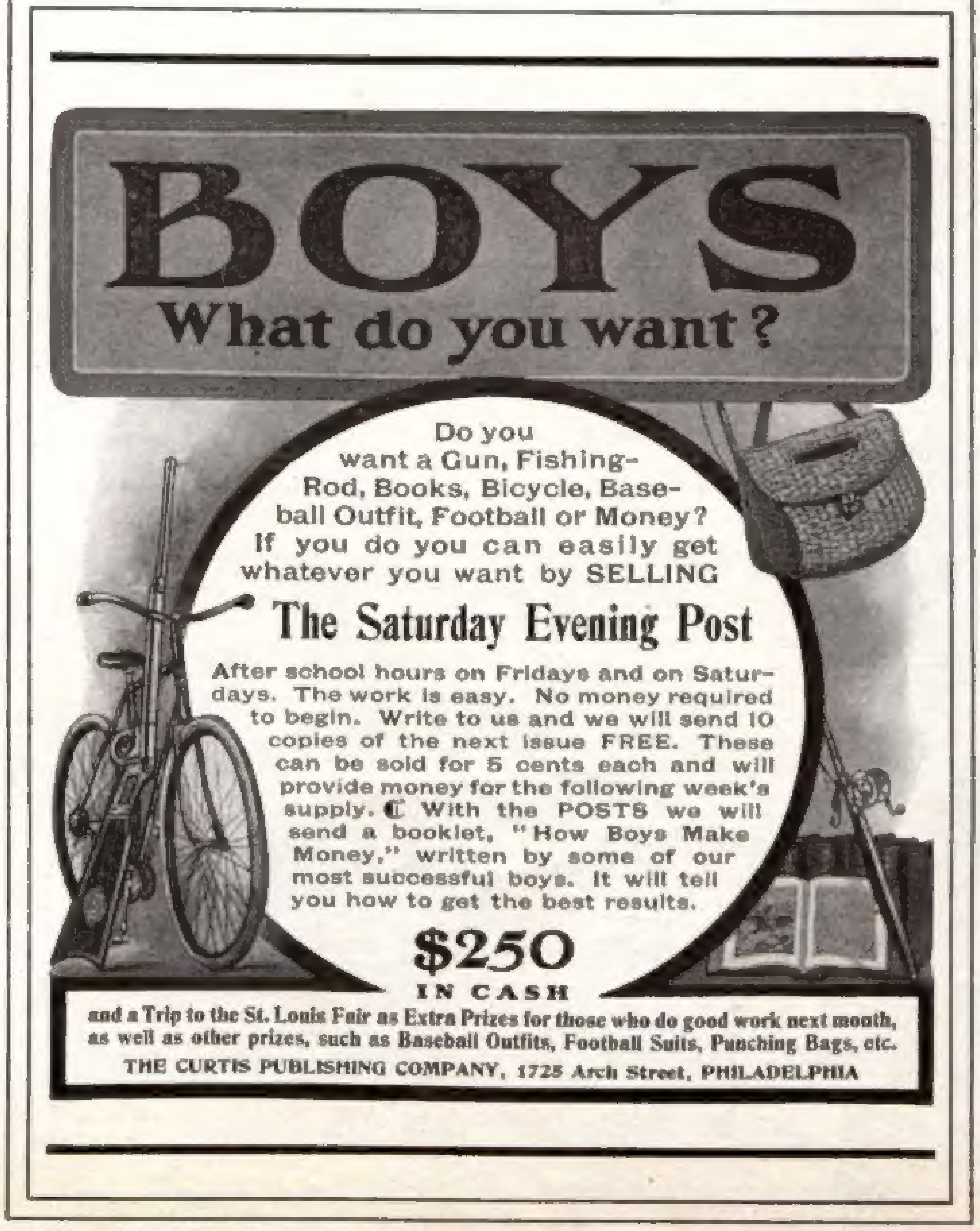
VALENTINES' SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Janesville, Wis.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75c. Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE.

J. W. COCKRUM, 527 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.


Viewing the GRAND — CAÑON of the YELLOWSTONE
One soars, as on eagles' wings, above the grosser things of earth.
THE SIGN OF THE BEST
NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE
Send Six Cents for "WONDERLAND 1904"
CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A. - ST. PAUL, MINN.



BOYS
What do you want?

Do you want a Gun, Fishing-Rod, Books, Bicycle, Baseball Outfit, Football or Money? If you do you can easily get whatever you want by SELLING

The Saturday Evening Post

After school hours on Fridays and on Saturdays. The work is easy. No money required to begin. Write to us and we will send 10 copies of the next issue FREE. These can be sold for 5 cents each and will provide money for the following week's supply. ¶ With the POSTS we will send a booklet, "How Boys Make Money," written by some of our most successful boys. It will tell you how to get the best results.

$250
IN CASH

and a Trip to the St. Louis Fair as Extra Prizes for those who do good work next month, as well as other prizes, such as Baseball Outfits, Football Suits, Punching Bags, etc.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1725 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA

RECEIPT FOR

Quick Coffee Cake

AND

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

Is it not strange, knowing that starch is the most important factor in our foods, that we do not make more use of Corn Starch, which furnishes so much food value, in a convenient form, easy of use, readily assimilated, and inexpensive?

The quality of the Corn Starch used, however, has much to do with its palatable taste and digestibility. Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, which has been used for 55 years, is of unquestioned purity and never disappoints in results. Try this brand in the following receipt and see if Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is not well worth a prominent place in your pantry.

QUICK COFFEE CAKE

Sift together twice, one cup of flour, one-half cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, one-third cup of sugar, three level teaspoons of baking powder and half a teaspoon each of salt and ground cinnamon. Mix to a soft dough with about half a cup of milk stirred into a well-beaten egg. Add four tablespoons of melted butter, spread in a shallow pan, sprinkle with sugar mixed with cinnamon and bake in moderate oven. Serve fresh.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED)

AN OFFERING TO PURITY.

Typhoid Fever

Eminent scientists recently declared fruit juices, especially pure, unfermented grape juice, prevent typhoid fever. But for many years

Welch's
GRAPE JUICE

has been recognized by physicians as a preventive medicine and as a tonic food in cases of sickness, including typhoid fever. Welch's is just pure grape juice, without alcohol or chemical of any kind. Perfect sterilization in glass enables you to have the unchanged juice of fresh grapes the year around. **Welch's** Grape Juice makes health, keeps health. Use it on the table. None so good or so pure as **Welch's.** It's worth your while to specify the name.

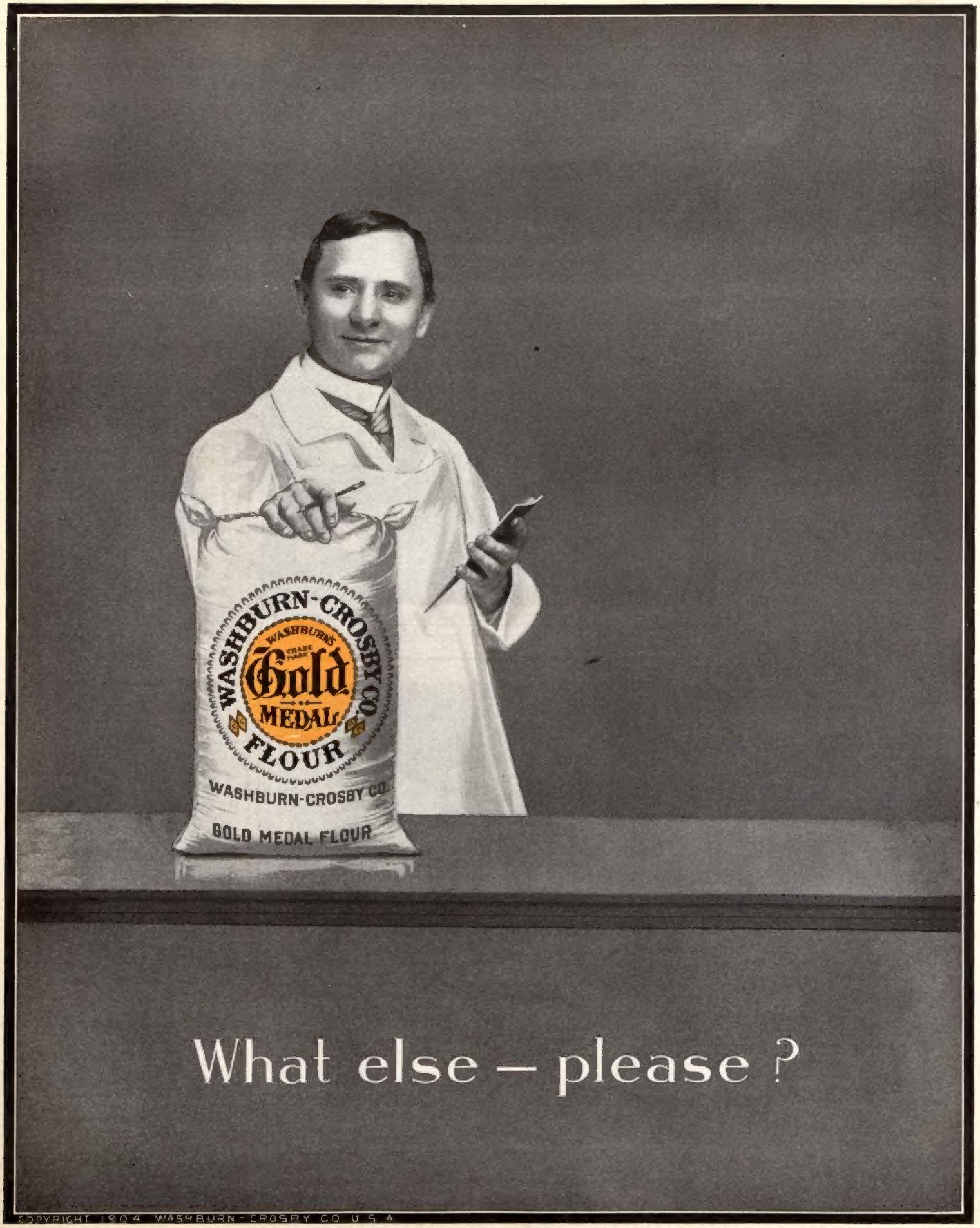
At druggists and grocers, or trial dozen pints $3.00, express prepaid east of Omaha. 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents. Booklet with recipes free.

Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, finest publications issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 867 F St., Washington, D. C.


WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
What else – please ?

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